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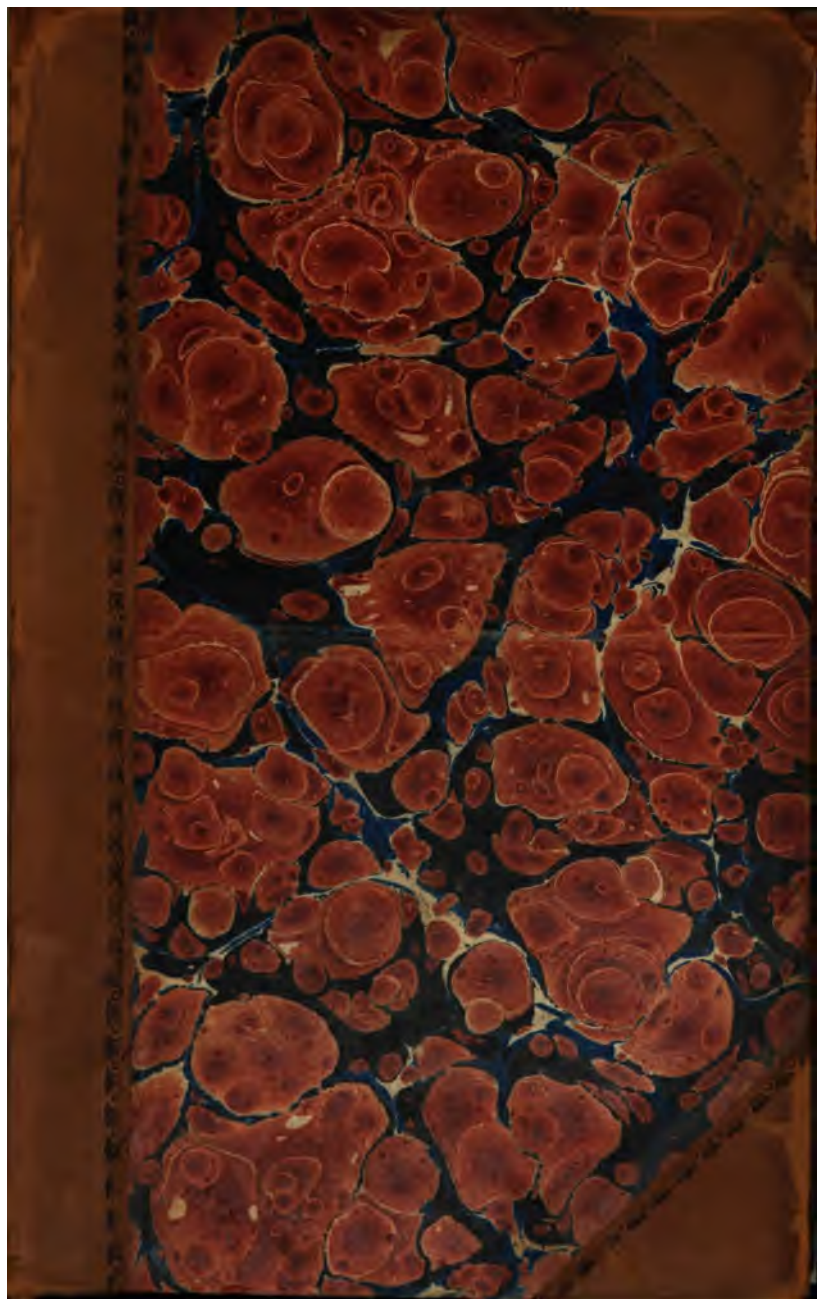
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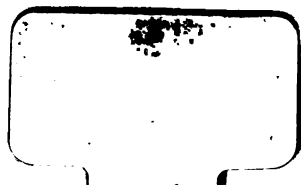


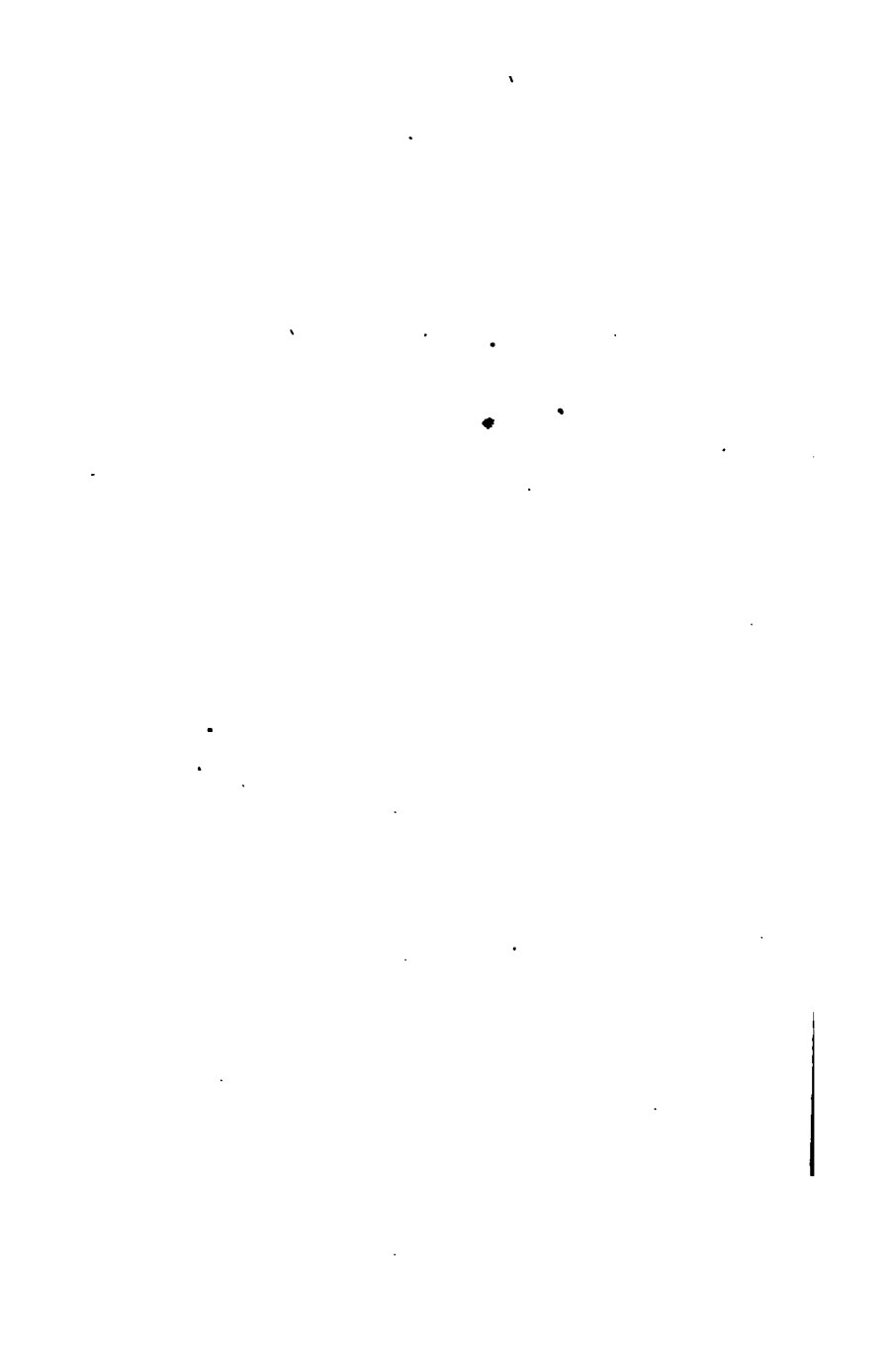


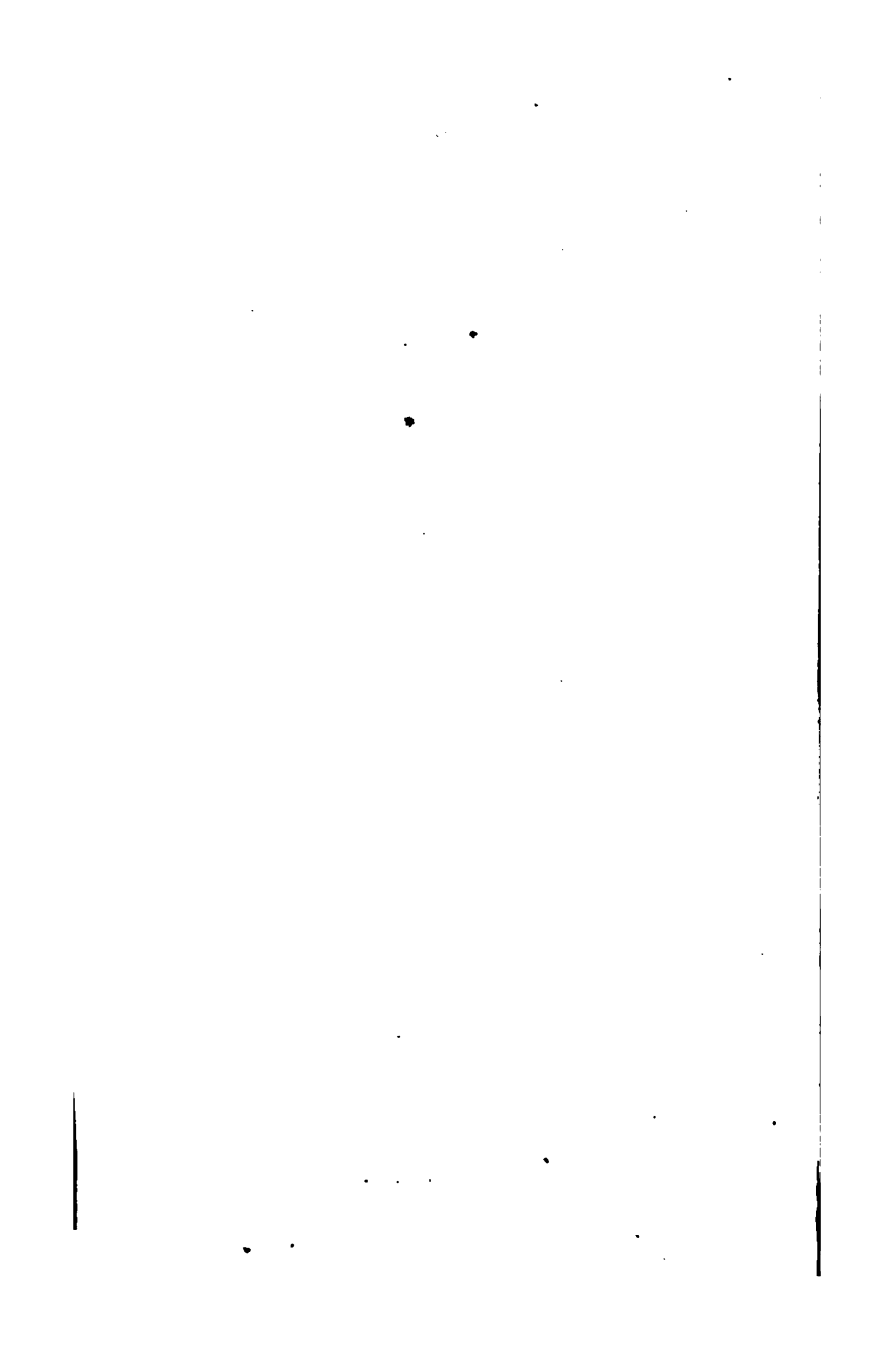
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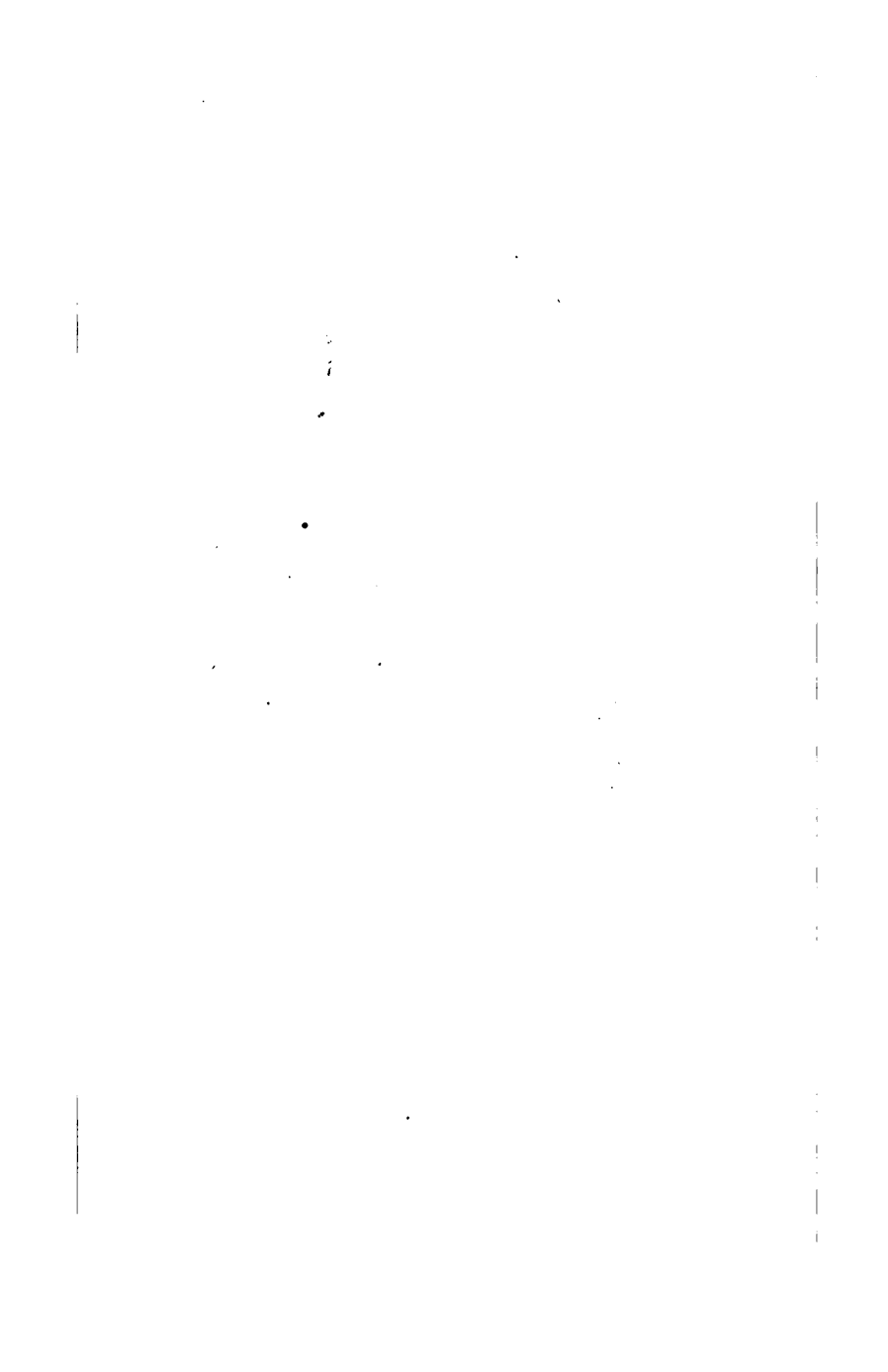






THE

MUSE AND POETESS.



THE
MUSE AND POETESS,

A LESSON FROM NATURE,

AND

Other Poems.

61

BY EMILY D****.

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53.



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PREFACE.

THE authoress of the following poems, in compliance to the request of many valuable friends, is induced to offer them to the world, (though with the greatest diffidence.) Aware of the many superior works the pen of genius is daily producing, she can scarcely persuade herself this little work is worthy of public notice; yet should it be calculated to amuse or instruct, (though ever so little,) would feel herself very censurable to withhold it. In the hope, therefore, it is in the possession of some little merit, she humbly offers it to an indulgent public, assuring herself

of every encouragement due, and who, she doubts not, will generously make allowance for the many imperfections of a young female's pen.

EMILY D.

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THE MUSE AND POETESS,

OR

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

Who is it sits 'neath yonder tree?
I hastily will go and see.
With grace the lovely form's reclin'd,
I to converse feel much inclin'd;
She looks exceeding sweet and fair,—
Why, 'tis the Muse! I do declare,
I thought a goddess it had been,
So heavenly appears her mien;
She's calling me, and I'll away—
There's no one I'd so soon obey.

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There's no one I'd so soon obey.

B.

Soon as I had my homage paid
Kind and seriously she said,
“ I’ve other things for you to do
Instead of sitting there to sew ;
I’m sure such little trifling things
True satisfaction rarely brings :
Leave that employ for little minds
I’ve work for you of various kinds ;
Come, haste along with me and walk,
Of nature’s charms and beauties talk :
And as we these beauties see
I’d have you ply your poesy.”

“ I’m sure, sweet Muse, at your request
I ought to try and do my best,
But I’m clad in russet gown,
’Tis rare I’m seen in any town ;
Nor is my skill in language such
That I this wondrous theme should touch :
The humble rustic never can
The various works of nature scan.”

"Hush!" the Muse then said aloud,
" 'Tis not with the great or proud
That I wish or seek to dwell,
But I love the lowly cell.
Hast thou not on some lone bed
Seen the lily rear its head?
Or from some neglected heap
Seen the lovely violet peep?
Often in a cot unknown
Dwell men equal to a throne:
By misfortune's fetters bound
I have wisdom's children found."

"Dearest Muse, most willingly
To your wishes I'd comply,
But you know, had I a mind,
That would nature's secrets find,
As I've neither wealth or name,
Trifling would be my fame;
Do you think I can withstand
The cruel critic's iron hand?"

He will every effort crush,
Every simple truth he'll hush !”

“ O maiden, diffident and shy,
Your talents you are bound to try ;
For what did Heaven gifts dispense
If not to share, and augment sense ?
Then willingly with all mankind
Divide the gifts to you assign'd ;
You need not fear the foolish man
Who pleas'd another's errors scan,
Who scorns his weaker brother's fate
And loves his name to derogate :
'Tis only on religion's few
Your sentiments you must bestow ;
Pay all you can to wisdom's school
But never strive to please a fool ;
Wisdom will not your faults disclose
But kindly bid those faults repose :
Then haste away to yonder grove,
Each gift and talent there improve :

Kind nature will on you attend,
And wisdom she will be your friend ;
In contemplation's tranquil bow'rs,
Now go and spend thy youthful hours ;
Inquire, my child, of things around,
How they their existence found ;
Ask who 'twas that form'd the earth,
Who it was first gave her birth—
What great pow'r that curtain spread
O'er mankind and nature's head—
Wrought with sweet ethereal blue,
Now o'erspread with figures new,
Mountains, hills, and towers rise
To imagination's eyes,
For whene'er the clouds we view
Fancy paints us something new.
Loudly to the winds appeal
Whose keen blast we often feel,
At whose word it is they rise
If he dwells in earth or skies—
Ask the mistress of the night
Who gave her those robes of light,

And gave her power to bestow
A brilliant on a vale of woe ;—
Ask the thunders as they fly
How it is they blaze, and why—
Ask the billows as they swell
Whose omnipotence they tell—
Then to weaker things repair,
And inquire what unseen care
Form'd them and does still protect,
And their various ways direct :
Ask the odoriferous rose
By what unseen aid it blows ;
Then interrogate the bird,
Whose sweet note we just now heard,
Who it was that gave it pow'r
To glad e'en the stormy hour,
And as the traveller goes along
Cheers his pathway with a song :
Ask the lowing herd that's by
Who it is their wants supply ;
Ask the rivers as they go,
From what wondrous source they flow."

“ Charming Muse, I will obey,
And to the bow’rs haste away ;
At your word I’ll quickly go,
Not to learn for I well know,
The answer’s given in one word,
Their creator is the Lord ;
Here the critic I defy,
He can not this truth deny :
If he’ll deign with me to go,
He may glean a lesson too ;
From the bird on yonder bough
Kindness he may learn to show,
For in love and peace they rest
In their little mossy nest :
From the beaming moon he can
A very useful lesson scan,
Who, in pity to our night
Gladly gives her silver light ;
And the thunders as they rage
Lend to man a wondrous page ;
And the winds which we shall hear
Which so boist’rous appear ;

Will convince him that their Lord
Hushes them by one short word :
Well they understand his will,
Does he only say ‘ Be still ; ’
From the winds (can he discern)
He obedience may learn.
In the clouds, an emblem true
Of himself he sure may view ;
For oft by his tongue he’s spread
A dark’ning cloud o’er merit’s head.
If he to the flowers hies
They will tell him beauty dies ;
Now they’re looking very gay
An hour hence in dust they lay.
And the rivers, as they wind
Along the path for them assign’d,
Mildly bid us not to stray
From religion’s peaceful way ;
And as they return again
To the source from whence they came,
Gently hint the time will come
When we must to dust return ;

Upon this our destin'd fate
We will part to contemplate,
And pray Heav'n may be our share
When sweet Nature is no more."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE TO HER CHILD.

SLEEP, infant, sleep, thou hast no cause to fear,
Nothing shall hurt my little helpless dear ;
Thy mother ne'er will leave her lovely child,
Though father wanders o'er the desert wild :
Nor he, dear man, would from his infant stay,
Had not hard fortune summon'd him away ;
It pierc'd, it tore, his good, his virtuous heart,
When from his wife, his child, he had to part.
Though oft a tear has wet thy infant eye,
Thou art a stranger yet to misery ;
You little know how much thy mother felt,
When weeping at her feet thy father knelt,
In grief to leave his much-lov'd partner here.
Yet oft he said, " My life, my all, don't fear,

You know, my dear, we have a Sire on high,
Trust in that Sire, for he is ever nigh,
Nor will he e'er refuse a list'ning ear.
Come then, my angel wife, don't fear, don't fear ;
For those who seek him, they will ever find
A friend, a father, and a husband kind :
'Tis on his word, his promises, I'm staid,
To leave thee, dearest, I am not afraid ;
For our great God has promis'd from on high !
And well we know, Jehovah cannot lie."
Ah dear ! I think I hear his last blest word,
" My wife, my partner, ne'er forget the Lord."
No, infant dear, nor have I e'er forgot,
Whate'er has been my fate, or what my lot,
I have my Lord, my God, my Saviour sought,
And always found him as thy sire me taught.
And he has heard my pray'rs from his high throne,
And on our heads he has pour'd blessings down ;
Although thy sire is in a stranger's land,
'Tis the same God that does that place command ;
And He, great God, will bring thy father home,
To fondle and caress his little son ;

To wipe away thy weeping mother's tears,
And smiling hush his little infant's fears :
And though the wide, wide sea, does father part,
His wife, his infant, does possess his heart,
Next to his God, for God there lives !
Jehovah's greater than the gifts he gives !
And shall be first in every Christian's heart,
Though wife and children may possess a part ;
And to his God for us, child, oft he prays,
To bless our lives and to protect our ways.
And sure indeed our God has heard his pray'rs,
And set thy mother free from many cares,
For when cast down, with sickness, or with pain,
Ne'er have I waited at his throne in vain,
For God, on goodness and on mercy bent,
Some kind Elijah to my help hath sent ;
And though, my dear, for some great purpose, he
Hath sent thy sire o'er the tempestuous sea ;
The sea is God's, and all that it contains ;
The mountains, hills, and all the barren plains.
'Tis he the brave and pious soldier keeps,
'Tis he preserves your father while he sleeps ;

The winds are hush'd and silenc'd at his word,
The winds, the waves, they know he is their Lord.
Should the rough waves be raging to the sky,
Does he but speak, down at his feet they lie !
Should winds be roaring o'er the desert wild,
In one short moment they are hush'd and mild ;
Yet this Omnipotence, who governs sea and land,
Before whose presence great archangels stand,
Down at whose footstool kings and emp'rors kneel,
He for a mother and her child can feel !
He'll not despise the pious mother's pray'r,
The weak and lowly ever were his care !
Then hush ! my child, since God is on our side
The worldling may the soldier's wife deride ;
The proud they may his helpless child despise
But still it's precious in its Maker's eyes ;
In heaven its angel does its Maker see,
Christ has said so, and surely it must be ;
And better for that man sure it had been
The light of this world had he never seen,
Than to behave with insolence and scorn
To the distress'd, the helpless, and forlorn.

'Twas Heaven that took the soldier from his home,
And Heaven will cause him safely to return :
Will guide his footsteps o'er the barren plain,
And safely bring him to his home again.
He will conduct him to his native shore,
And may he take him from his home no more.
Yet should he take him even then, my son,
Thy mother will say, " Heaven's will be done."
I think I see him clasp thee in his arms,
I think I hear him praise thy infant charms ;
Soon as thy tongue a few short words can say,
At his return he'll teach that tongue to pray ;
He'll tell thee, child, what God has for him done,
Then to that God he'll lead his little son :
And till thy sire's return, for him I'll pray
By night ; and watch my darling child by day,
And on our God for help alone depend,
Who is the widow's and the orphan's friend !

THE TRAVELLER'S THOUGHTS.

ARISE, ye starry tribes of night,
And give my weary footsteps light ;
I've lost my way I greatly fear,
Without a kind protector near,
Upon this bleak and lonely wild,—
I surely am misfortune's child.
I feel within a deathly chill,
I seem to fear against my will !
There's not a rustic comes along,
Nor warbler cheers me with a song—
There's not an echo from the green,
Or glimm'ring from a cot is seen ;
The shepherd to the folds hath led
His fleecy charge to their warm bed,

And I, alas ! alone remain,
Upon this wretched, dreary plain !
The little bird has found its nest,
The sun has long since gone to rest ;
But stay ! to mind that something brings,
Forgive ! forgive me, King of kings !
Oh ! when that very sun did shine,
I own'd, I prais'd, thy pow'r divine ;
And can I think, because 'tis night,
That thou, O Lord, hast lost thy sight ?
Here, Lord, I do my weakness prove,
And find how insincere I love,
Dost thou not over night preside ?
Can darkness, Lord, thy pow'r deride ?
Oh ! nature feeble ; faith, how frail !
What evil, pray, can me assail ?
Can I not on my God depend,
Who has at all times stood my friend ?
Had I my father by my side,
Though to protect would be his pride ;
How vain would all his efforts prove,
Without the help of God above !

Yet, Lord, we oft to man appeal,
And in his presence safety feel—
To mortals we for refuge fly,
When God our maker's standing by,
And on an arm of mouldering dust,
Implicitly we place our trust;
Here we our weakness, Lord, reveal,
But who his frailties can conceal?
For, Lord, does midnight darkness reign,
Thine omnipresence is the same;
Then now I will my terror calm,
And trust to an almighty arm;
No more to doubt, and fear, give way,
But take Jehovah for my stay,
No harm shall surely me betide,
While the Almighty is my guide!
Though through intricate paths I roam,
At last he'll lead me safely home,
Thine handmaid, Lord, thou wilt defend,
And prove thyself a wanderer's friend!

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

MARTHA.

He's gone, he's gone ! yes, Mary, now he's fled !
He now is slumb'ring with the silent dead !
He now is sleeping in the arms of death—
The Lord who gave, has now recall'd his breath.
No pow'r can wake him from his lasting sleep,
My sister, now for ever I must weep,
Our best protector, our best friend's now gone !
Lazarus has left his sisters quite forlorn ;
As if regardless of our future woes,
He has heedless sunk into a long repose ;
And when in sadness by his side I stood,
He only said, " Remember, God is good !
Does he take me, another friend you'll find,
Remember, Mary is still left behind ;

Should he take her, yet still his power's the same—
Martha, 'tis wrong the will of Heaven to blame :”
’Twas thus he talk’d as I did weeping stand,
And now he’s wafted to a distant land ;
But where, my sister, were you gone to weep,
Just at the moment Lazarus sunk to sleep ?
In all his sickness you were near his bed,
Thy gentle bosom oft would rest his head ;
’Twas you who join’d him in his pious pray’rs—
’Twas you who softened all our brother’s cares ;
And yet you left him at the very time
His soul was steering to a distant clime ;
Now all my hopes, my joys, are at an end ;
We have lost a brother, we have lost a friend ;
No peace on earth now shall I ever find,
Though Lazarus said that Heaven would be kind,
In sorrow’s shades shall his sad sister weep,
Nor pleasure here will ever Martha seek ;
A mourner’s part I ever will assume,
For nought but sorrow sure will me become ;
Nothing but grief, alas, is Martha’s doom,
Now her dear brother’s sleeping in the tomb.

MARY.

I knew not, Martha, when I left his room,
That Lazarus's spirit would depart so soon ;
I went alone to waft a secret pray'r,
Knowing that God delights to soothe our care ;
I went to ask, (if wrong, may Heav'n forgive,)
If 'twas his will that Laz'rus still might live ;
But Heav'n knew best, and has recall'd him home,
Where we shall go, my sister, ere it be long ;
And though God granted not my feeble pray'r,
I will not doubt his love, nor yet his care.
But ever on his mercy I will rest,
And of all doubt this bosom I'll divest ;
Here I will use those words well known to thee,
" I go to him, but he'll not come to me."
But even this, my sister, may be done !
Remember, Jesus is our Maker's son :
He who the other day became our guest,
He too is God, though like to man now dress'd :
I'll send and call him, for 'tis truly said,
That Jesus Christ can even raise the dead !
He'll come, I know, and quickly calm our grief,
He to the suff'rer loves to give relief.

Did you not, Martha, mark his heavenly eye ?
Ne'er was such sweetness found below the sky :
And to our help, my sister, he will come,
He'll call our brother from the silent tomb !

MARTHA.

Mary, indeed you do appear resign'd,
Would I possess'd so sweet, so fair a mind ;
Did I the justice of our Lord confess,
I should not feel such poignant, sad distress ;
Did I to Heaven all my griefs consign,
More peace, more happiness, then, would sure be mine;
Did I possess the faith that you now show,
I should not have the cause for all this woe.
For I of Jesus then should go and crave
That he would call our brother from the grave.
To this, my sister, I my thoughts can't bend,
To think that Jesus Christ can raise his friend.
He lov'd our brother much, and could have heal'd,
And might have done it if we had appeal'd ;
For he has heal'd, I know, a num'rous throng,—
To doubt in this I should be very wrong.

But oh ! my sister, can he raise the dead ?
Can he rouse Laz'rus from his earthy bed ?
Oh ! do you think Messias here will come
To call our brother from the silent tomb ?

MARY.

O Martha, Martha ! did you judge aright,
You ne'er would question his unbounded might ;
Remember, Martha, he first gave us breath,
Remember, too, he is the king of death ;
Can death resist his pow'r ? O no ! O no !
Death is his servant, Martha, learn to know.
Nor can the grave his pow'r, his might defy :
That he's its master, can the tomb deny ?
Did not the people of Nain's city run,
Proclaiming, Jesus rais'd a widow's son ?
And has his arm, do you think, weaker grown,
Since this great pow'r, this greater love, was shown ?
Nor did our ruler plead to him in vain,
For soon he went and sooth'd a father's pain,
He seiz'd his daughter from death's icy arms,
And gave her back in all her infant charms !

Thus he released Jairus from his pain,
By giving him his lovely child again !
Then Martha, Martha, can you doubt his pow'r ?
That Christ is God, doubt not another hour ;
Think on the ruler's child, the widow's son,
And to his feet for succour let us run,
And of Messias, Martha, let us crave
That he'll demand our brother of the grave.

MARTHA.

Mary, my sister, I confess you're right
When you say Jesus has both pow'r and might ;
Pow'r sure is his, this I confess, with truth,
He pow'r displayed when he recalled the youth ;
But then our brother is matur'd in years
Can he be raised ? I have my doubts and fears.
Elijah raised a widow's son, I know,
And good Elisha, he recall'd one too :
But when, my sister, has it e'er been known,
Of one being raised that old in years was grown ?
I surely would of Jesus go and crave,
Did I but think he could resist the grave.

MARY.

Oh! Martha, Martha, why give me this pain?
To think I plead Messiah's pow'r in vain;
You own his love, confess his pow'r in part,
Yet sad distrust infests and guides your heart.
Now, Martha, look at all the world around,
Does not his pow'r from every part resound?
Is not his might in every place display'd
Is not all nature in his work array'd?
He's Nature's Lord, he's heaven's blessed King!
His love, his pow'r, Mary will ever sing.
What tempted him to leave his throne above?
Martha, remember it was nought but love!
Nothing but love caused him to come below,
Man's base contempt to meet, to share our woe.
While great archangels did around him wait,
He came on earth to meet a traitor's fate.
Who less than God could ever stoop to this?
To share contempt he left a seat of bliss.
Here, Martha, then, does every grace appear,
His pow'r, his love; you surely now can't fear.
Was Jesus Christ not God as well as man,
The tribes of heaven ne'er this truth had sang

Here's love, here's mercy, and here's might replete,
And mercy we shall from Messiah meet ;
No more, my sister, doubt his power to save,
Confess he can raise Laz'rus from the grave.
His love, his pow'r, I ever will declare,
Oh ! join me, Martha, then his love you'll share,
You'll see, my sister, Jesus will soon come,
He'll raise our brother from the silent tomb !

MARTHA.

Mary, my sister, I doubt not his love,
And well I know that Christ is from above ;
I also know that he is God's dear Son,
This I believe that Christ and God is one.
I know that all these virtues in him shine,
I know Messiah truly is divine ;
And this, my sister, too, I do confess,
I never found such love, such tenderness,
As brightly beam'd from his mild saintly face,
In man was ne'er such love, or so much grace ;
And now, my sister, I indeed believe
That he will come, and our distress relieve.

If I but once had trac'd this goodness o'er,
I ne'er had doubted his great love or pow'r,
I own his love does all around appear,
I know he loves the wounded heart to cheer ;
I own 'twas he who deck'd the lovely skies,
I own 'twas he who made the mountains rise ;
I know the seas and rivers call him Lord,
I know he is the great eternal Word ;
And I indeed do now reproach my breast,
That I did not before his pow'r attest ;
But Bethany now shall with this truth resound,
That Martha has the true Messiah found ;
That Jesus Christ is come for to impart
His blessed aid to every wounded heart—
To every sinner throughout Canaan's land,
He kindly stands with a forgiving hand ;
And is there one who will not proudly share
A kingly hand, a father's fost'ring care ?
Come, ye afflicted, and around him kneel,
You'll pray to one who for your griefs can feel.
Come, ye who are by demon's hand oppress'd,
Now come to Jesus, he will give you rest ;

And though he's now from Bethany away,
He'll surely come when he hears Martha pray.
Although he now on Olive's Mount may stand,
His eye it pierces every distant land !
He knows that Martha wishes him to see,
And, Martha, he will come and comfort thee,
Since I no more distrust his pow'r to save
My brother Laz'rus from the dark, dark grave.
And may he bless you, for you've rais'd in me
A wish to own his pow'r, his love to see ;
But, Mary, p'r'aps I have his anger gain'd,
As I against his pow'r have so exclaim'd ;
For, though his presence from our sight was hid,
He heard my words, yes, he saw all I did !
For know, my sister, when they here did dine,
The day that Jesus own'd your thoughts divine
That his beloved disciple said to me—
“ Go where we will, our Master's sure to see,
For oft he sends us over Jordan's plains,
Yet there we find his omnipresence reigns,
For when we back again to him return,
He knows all we have said, and what we've done !”

An angry eye from Jesus, I may meet;
Who did his pow'r with such indiff'rence treat;
He p'r'aps will leave me to my sad despair,
And will not heed Martha's unworthy pray'r;
Although I now confess his pow'r to save
My brother Laz'rus from the dark, dark grave.

MARY.

Oh! Martha, pray this sad distrust give o'er
Nor doubt his love as first you did his pow'r;
Remember, when he took the judgment seat,
Did not his mercy then shine forth replete?
He there perform'd both Love and Mercy's part,
And pity had on the repentant heart.
Think of the sentence, Martha, o'er and o'er—
That blessed sentence—"Go and sin no more!"
Remember, Martha, love with Jesus lives,
A contrite sinner gladly he forgives?
And sad revenge that in man's bosom dwells,
Far from his presence Jesus Christ expels;
The sweets of which by man is oft confest,
Was ne'er an inmate in Immanuel's breast,

No sooner we for sin express alarms,
But lo ! he stands with kind and open arms !
And you, my sister, have contrition shown,
Repentant strains have to Messiah flown ;
And heav'nly vengeance ne'er its wrath displays,
When we return from our unrighteous ways,
You'll find, my sister, Jesus will soon come,
And call forth Laz'rus from the silent tomb !

MARTHA.

My sister, you indeed to me evince,
That the Messiah is death's mighty Prince !
If worldly Martha is left to despair,
The saintly Mary shall be Jesu's care,
Nor Martha will again his pow'r distrust,
She shall confess he's good, he's great, he's just.
But hark, my sister ! that is sure his word,
“ I am the resurrection,” saith the Lord.
It is ; and lo ! at Laz'rus's grave he stands,
And Lazarus comes forth when he commands !

THE HERMIT.

How many summer's suns have shone,
And gaily sunk to rest ;
Since I this peaceful dwelling found,
On sweet retirement's breast.

'Tis long since I first sought this shade,
And built this humble cot ;
And bid the smiling world farewell,
Alone to mourn my lot.

I once possess'd a tender wife,
And lovely children two ;
But ere they gain'd their seventh year,
They bid the world adieu.

Their gentle mother griev'd, and wept
And mourn'd her children dead ;
And ere another year expired,
Her spotless spirit fled.

And oh ! may Heaven me forgive,
And this rebellious heart ;
For I confess, with shame and grief,
I took a madman's part.

Although inclos'd in death's cold arms,
I saw my Emiline lie,
I swore no power should ever part
My tender wife and I.

And oft I in the world would seek,
Some comfort to obtain ;
But there, alas ! I only found
That I increased my pain.

For every gentle wife I saw,
That was of nobler kind,

The image of my Emiline brought
To my distracted mind.

And every pretty child I saw
Lisp round its father's knee,
Did always to my memory bring,
My Jane and Emily.

Till quite worn out with grief and care.
I to this dwelling came,
And by my lone sequestered life,
I've gain'd an hermit's name.

But oh ! 'tis wrong of mortal man
Against his God to fight,
For sure the Judge of all the earth
Can do nought else but right.

And oft I bless his holy name,
That he's taught me to repent ;
And for my past ingratitude
Sincerely to repent.

And 'tis with truth that I attest,
 Since I have here dwelt ;
I for my sad obdurate part,
 Remorse have keenly felt.

And often since have grateful been
 That he my Emiline took,
Or for my heavenly rest above
 I ne'er had thought to look.

For she possess'd my heart and soul,
 For her was all my love :
And seldom did my thoughts recur
 To my great Lord above.

The gift I valued, and I priz'd,
 I idoliz'd the name ;
Without one strain of gratitude
 To him from whom it came.

By it this lesson I've been taught,
 That man should ne'er repine ;

But always to the will of God
Submissively resign.

Then to devote my time to him
Who orders all things well ;
To this remote and quiet shade
I came alone to dwell.

Behind my cot the faithful bay,
And dark'ning fir trees grow ;
And glistening around the front
The silvery waters flow.

On summer days the neighb'ring swains
Their gentle cattle bring,
And on their pipes they simply play,
While shepherdesses sing.

And oft they throng around my door,
And bid me tell a tale ;
And then half fearfully they ask
Why I dwell in this vale ?

And oft as from my cell I walk,
 Along the verdant plain,
I listen to their cheerful lute,
 And bless its peaceful strain.

But one night as I sleepless lay,
 And winds around did roar,
I thought that I should like to see
 The busy world once more.

For oft along the flowery plain,
 As I am wont to stray,
To inhale the zephyr's cooling breeze,
 Just at the close of day,

I meet the friendless wanderer,
 Who does of me implore
That I will lodge him for the night,
 As I've others done before.

For well to the poor houseless tribe
 Is known my little cell,

And oft around my blazing fire
Their hapless fate they tell.

They tell me how the proud will scorn,
As they for pity cry,
And often at the rich man's door
In vain for bread they try.

And as I lay listening still
To the tremendous storm ;
I thought upon the wretched poor,
Who have not hut or home.

And this again recalled to mind
How I've heard them complain,
And I more ardently then wish'd
To visit man again.

I thought that I would leave my cot,
And travel in disguise,
To find if what they said were true,
Or if 'twere only lies.

So I forsook my hermit's garb,
And left my little home,
And, like a wretched mendicant,
From house to house did roam.

But ere I had proceeded far
From my own cell away,
With nature's beauties smiling round,
A noble mansion lay.

I straightly to its entrance walk'd
And did of want complain ;
But there, alas ! 'tis sad to say
I met with curs'd disdain.

The master, son of hateful pride,
Came storming to the door ;
" Begone," he cried, " you child of want,
Nor dare of me implore."

A vassal loud he call'd
To lead me back again ;

“ And never more come here,” said he,
“ To tell your want and pain.”

And as we paced the winding paths
The servant heav'd a pray'r
“ May heaven have mercy on our souls.
On earth we've only care.

“ It is but little I possess
And little can afford,
But take this trifle—heaven it bless,
And forgive my angry lord.”

Reflecting then I went along
This brought to mind the word,
How hardly shall the rich man gain
The kingdom of his Lord !

I after went from door to door,
Till night was coming on ;
And being from my peaceful cot,
I really felt forlorn.

But presently a pretty farm,
Met my inquiring sight,
And there I went and asked
A lodging for the night.

The cows were standing at the door,
And farming swains around,
And busy in the dairy I,
The thriving hostess found.

I said I was a traveller,
And from my home away,
And ask'd if she would shelter me
Till the returning day.

At this the worthy hostess paus'd,
Then said, " Come in, good man,
Although I'm very short of beds,
I'll do the best I can.

" Good man, I never like to turn
The weary from my gate,

For none of us indeed can tell
What is our destin'd fate.

“ Although my friend, I now possess
This comfortable home,
I cannot tell but I may come,
From house to house, to roam.

“ Besides, you know that holy book,
Tells us in language plain,
That those who took the strangers in,
Did angels entertain.

“ 'Tis true, I cannot now expect,
Angels on earth to find,
But oft in weary travellers
I've found a heavenly mind.

“ Now, my good friend, I pray sit down,
We'll after supper talk ;
I'm sure you very tir'd must be
After so long a walk.

“ Mary, you must some food provide,
And run and draw some beer,
And you, good man, begin and eat,
It will your spirits cheer.

“ Mary, when you have had your tea,
Go and prepare a bed,
To night my little Tom can sleep
’Long with his brother Ned.

“ Traveller, with your meal get on,
Pray do your self enjoy ;
And Harry, you must run and fetch
My other little boy.

“ I mean my youngest little child,
For he is now at school ;
Soon as they talk they always go,
’Twas their poor father’s rule.”

But here the tender widow sigh’d
And sunk into a chair,

Ah, stranger you can little tell,
How great's a widow's care.

" Why this, my hostess, oft I think,
On various things depend,
But this I certainly can tell,
Who is the widow's friend."

" O yes," she said, " and I've been taught
By heav'nly revelation,
That God will judge the widow's cause,
From his habitation."

Just then, a rosy little boy,
Up to the window ran,
She fondly caught him in her arms,
And said, " God bless my son.

" But, Harry, first you must be heard ;
What does his gov'ness say ?
Tell me has my dear little boy,
Been good at school to day ?"

“ O yes,” said Harry, as he grasp’d
His hunch of bread and cheese,
“ The little fellow’s always good
When others don’t him tease.”

Now all the family appears,
And take their destin’d seat,
And shepherd and his trusty friend,
Make the rustic group complete.

The shepherd, hoary-headed man,
With looks benign and mild,
Had liv’d upon this little farm
E’er since he was a child.

The supper table now was spread
With plain and wholesome fare,
Of which they cheerfully partook,
Then sweetly join’d in pray’r.

When this was ended, then they sung ;
This made my bosom burn,

And certainly such heartfelt strains
Angels will glad return.

Fair seraphs will rejoice to hear,
They'll beautify the song,
And sweetly chaunt it o'er again,
As they round Jesus throng.

From Scripture then the mistress read
A chapter with delight,
Which comforted the little group,
Ere we parted for the night.

The birds me in the morning woke
With their melodious lays,
As if to join the matin song,
In the Creator's praise.

My little peaceful chamber left,
I took my way down stairs,
And found the family all met,
To join the morning pray'rs.

We then partook a frugal meal,
 Around the kitchen fire,
When ended, to their daily toil
 All willingly retire

My friendly hostess then I bid,
 For ever, perhaps, farewell,
Though not indeed without regret,
 I candidly will tell.

But though on earth no more we meet,
 For this my pray'rs shall fly,
That God will suffer me to join
 The widow in the sky.

The day I spent imploring bread
 At the cottages around,
But sure enough 'twas very few
 I like the widow found.

Nor was it where the wealthiest dwelt,
 That I most pity got,

I think compassion does prefer
Residing in a cot.

A few days more I peaceful dwelt
In a humble little shed,
With me the rustics did divide
Their crust of homely bread.

They certainly to me were kind,
In their unpolish'd way,
But then their hearty welcome did
For all their roughness pay.

I now indeed began to wish
I was at home again,
For little in the world I found
But misery and pain.

I musingly next bent my way
Towards a silent grove,
Thinking I unmolestedly
Within its shades could rove.

Beneath a dark'ning line of trees
I heedlessly did stray,
And to a gentle murmuring brook
My footsteps took their way.

Beside the stream a cottage stood,
With evergreens o'erspread,
And round the door the roses twin'd,
Their colours white and red.

A pretty garden in the front,
The rural dwelling grac'd,
And there the pink and lily grew,
And own'd their master's taste.

Miss Puss was basking in the sun,
Before the cottage door,
While Growler at the wicket lay,
To guard his master's store.

The vocal tribe from out the grove,
Their tribute came to pay,

And wishing to augment the choir,
In join'd the noisy jay.

I surely thought this charming spot,
The seat of peace must be,
Then turning down towards the gate,
I thought I'd go and see.

Tranquility and joy, said I,
Is reigning all around :
Is equal happiness and love
Within the cottage found ?

A daisy-border'd sandy path,
Led to its little door,
Where the coppers shining stood
Upon the sanded floor.

The plates and dishes on the shelf
By order's hand were plac'd,
And in a nook beside the door,
A clock the kitchen grac'd.

The fire was kindled on the hearth,
On each side stood a chair :
Which vassals sure for years had been
Of a homely, pious pair.

Near to the oaken elbow-chairs,
A milk-white table stood,
And expanded on it lay
The director of the good.

“ Within this little cot,” said I,
“ Discretion seems to reign ;”
While thus I stood, an aged man
Into the kitchen came.

I'd now assumed my hermit's dress,
And pilgrim-like appear'd ;
When this he saw, the good old man
My every word rever'd.

“ Father,” he said, “ by Mercy's hand
You to my cot was led,

And kind compassion guided you
To cheer contrition's bed.

“ But ne'er did grief my cot invade,
Till wealth so bold and rude,
Did, by its tinsel empty show,
My darling child delude

“ But now with sorrow I'm oppress'd ;—
But father, come up stairs,
And, o'er a poor heart-broken girl,
Offer your pious prayers.”

I follow'd, but my pen can't paint
The scene that met my eyes—
A scene so heav'nly, yet so sad,
Is rare beneath the skies.

A virgin so completely fair,
Reclined on pity's arm,
And firmly grasp'd the hand of faith
And hope was there to charm.

And Charity, delightful maid,
Did in the cottage live,
And every humble pray'r she rais'd,
'Twas, " the spoiler Heav'n forgive."

Religion, too, with peaceful brow,
Refreshed the aged pair,
While meek submission sweetly clad,
To lull their grief took care.

Though Sorrow sat beside the maid,
Sublimity was nigh ;
And smiling, artless, open Truth,
With candour in her eye.

Beside the couch the mother sat,
And watched the maid with care,
And o'er her weak declining child,
Breathed many a heartfelt prayer.

The father, good and pious man,
By his fair daughter stood,

His looks bespoke his anxious mind,
But not a word he said.

I went towards the suff'ring maid,
And gently took her hand;—
“ Dear maid, with you I'm come to pray,
’Tis your good sire’s command.”

Ten thousand thanks her looks express’d,
Her hands uplifted were ;—
“ I know,” she said, “ the righteous man
Availeth much by pray’r.

“ But know, dear father, ’tis by sin,
I to this state am brought,
That these good parents I’ve deceiv’d,
I cannot bear the thought.

“ Yes, father, from fair virtue’s path,
I have been led astray ;
And, through my thoughtlessness was led,
From dear religion’s way.

“ I dwell on this, good, pious man,
This gives me all my pain ;
And, should I live, it will be long
Ere I my peace regain.”

“ But, gentle maid, do you not know,
Forgiveness may be found,
And in the holy book of God,
Examples do abound.

“ Dear tim’rous child, there never was
A perfect man below,
But from the cradle to the grave,
Our imperfections flow.

“ ’Tis true we ought with care to strive
In wisdom’s path to keep,
Yet pardon oft our shepherd does
His weak and wand’ring sheep.

“ Though we may from his folds be led
By artful sin’s deceit,

When we repentantly return,
We're sure his smiles to meet.

“ But when the offender loves his crime,
Nor hearkens to his word,
But pleasures in the world and sin,
Nor cares to serve his Lord :

“ On such our shepherd's wrath will rise,
On such his anger burns ;
While on his humble, contrite sheep,
A loving eye he turns.

“ Then, dearest maiden, pine no more,
Know God has heard your prayer ;
Pray don't augment your parents' grief,
By sadness and despair,

“ Again of Heaven we'll mercy ask,
And then I will retire ;
And you, my child, some food must take,
Nature does it require.

“ As darkness now is coming on,
I'll not the cottage leave,
But here I'll stay and spend the night,
If your consent you'll give.”

“ My holy man,” the father said,
“ A wretch sure I should be,
If I denied you this request,
When you've done so much for me.”

Now, with the aged cottager,
I down the stairs descend ;
“ Oh ! father,” he would often say,
“ Indeed you've been my friend.

“ Your admonitions do appear
On my dear child impressed,
Now, father, I'll unfold to you,
What tis that pains her breast.”

And, while the story he rehears'd,
He often shed a tear ;

And said he surely must have died,
Did not religion cheer.

His daughter, too, a saintly maid,
Though once from him decoy'd,
But he who innocence deceives,
Of feeling must be void.

For innocence and lovely truth
Were reigning in her breast,
And she in others thought to find
Those virtues she possess'd.

The lovely girl had truly lov'd
One unworthy of such charms,
For he had promis'd she should find
A refuge in his arms.

And oft as in the neighb'ring grove,
As she had used to walk,
He, in her unsuspecting ear,
Of life's gay scenes would talk ;

He told her, beauty like to her's
Was lost in that lone vale ;
And she was often pleased to hear
His fine delusive tale.

She lov'd, and little did she think
That he could speak untruth,
For she this vice had always shunn'd,
E'en from her earliest youth.

Unlike the gay and thoughtless throng,
Who bask round pleasure's throne,
With smiling innocence she'd liv'd
In her quiet little home.

In odious sin's deceptive path
A stranger she had been,
And the gay equipage of wealth
'Twas rarely she had seen.

For always 'neath her parents' eye,
The damsel had remained,

Till her consent to wed,
Young Henry obtain'd.

And those good parents whom she lov'd,
He taught her to deceive ;
And in the gloomy hour of night
Their peaceful cot to leave.

But ere she had proceeded far
From virtue's happy shore;
A thousand times she wished herself
Back at her father's door.

The luckless maiden found, alas !
Indeed she found it true,
The wretch who had her friends deceiv'd,
Could deceive their daughter too.

In Henry she had hoped to find
A friend and husband good ;
But soon, alas ! to her pure eyes,
He as a traitor stood.

He'd often promis'd the sweet girl
That she his wealth should share ;
Instead of which his vows were made
Her virtue to ensnare.

In hopes the victim to obtain,
He night and day would sigh ;
But soon as he the flower possess'd,
He left it for to die.

But she had parted with a gem
No riches could repay,
For what was fled the lovely maid
Had sorrow'd night and day.

For the diamond that was fled
The casket seem'd to grieve,
Nor tenderness with all her train
Could the sweet maid relieve.

But yet I hoped by what I said
The maiden would be eas'd,

Indeed, before I left the cot,
She was somewhat appeas'd.

May it be so, in truth's my pray'r,
For seldom have I known,
Such genuine piety and love
As in this cottage shone.

Nor e'er indeed shall I forget
The gratitude express'd,
When parting with the aged pair,
They bless'd, they more than bless'd.

To search then for humanity
No more I wish'd to go,
For it was rare I met a scene,
But what was mix'd with woe.

Then back to my own quiet cot
With eagerness I went;
And thought within its peaceful shade
I'd in future rest content.

And when I reach'd my little cell,
My flowers hung their head,
As if by my long stay from home,
They thought I had been dead.

Sweet little flowers, alas, said I,
In you I surely find,
That gratitude and faithfulness
I could not in mankind.

Dear lovely flowers, I can admire
The odours that you shed,
You also please my sight by day,
And decorate my bed.

And now as I have reach'd again
My peaceful little home,
I'll never let curiosity
Tempt me again to roam.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE L. P. SCHOOL.

To emerge from the cots that around us are seen,
Ten neat little girls, clad pretty and clean ;
To the cottage within you pales they repair ;
Minds pure as the dew, hearts light as the air ;
'Tis their school, there they the day go to spend ;
'Tis the boon of a kind and bounteous friend,
Who loves to instruct the child of the poor ;
And their little wants and ways to explore ;
Who kindly attends to each little grief,
Then gladly and gaily gives them relief.
In order they enter, and modestly say,
" Your servant, good morn, ma'am," then bend the
 knee,
'Tis to their mistress this homage they pay,
Whenever they enter, and going away ;

And to their instructor a posy they bring
Of the lov'liest flow'rs that decorate spring ;
Their bonnets and cloaks, put by with much care,
The first thing they do, they all join in pray'r ;
To their heav'nly Father their voices they raise,
In songs of thanksgiving, petition and praise ;
Who sends them all blessings, health, friends, and
 food ;
Protects them, guides them, and loves them, if good :
And to the Saviour, who came from on high,
For children to suffer, for them to die ;
Who giving to Peter the care of his sheep,
Lovingly told him his lambs for to keep,
And to the Spirit who came from above,
To fill their young hearts with celestial love.
This duty o'er, to their seats they repair,
And stitching, and sewing, pursue with much care,
With workbag, and scissors, neat by their side,
'Twixt reading and working, their time they divide ;
'Tis heaven's blest book their minds doth engage ;
With eager delight they search the bright page ;
And each one proudly wishing to excel,
They list'ning stand to hear their mistress tell,

That in that book, and there alone, we find
How God form'd man, and beast of every kind ;
That when he spoke the lovely heav'ns appear'd,
And at his word the noble mountains rear'd ;
That he created flowers, plants, and trees,
The fishes, rivers, and the wondrous seas ;
Yet where his goodness most conspicuous shone,
Was man's redemption by his blessed Son ;
She tells them too, that when this life is o'er,
In heaven they'll live with Christ for evermore ;
If they are good, obedient, virtuous, kind,
In Christ a father, and a friend, they'll find ;
But are they wicked, sinful, or profane,
Their portion is eternal, ceaseless pain ;
For plain the volume of the Lord does tell,
The sinner's dwelling is the lowest hell !
Then pray, dear children, to escape this end,
And virtuous live, then Christ will be your friend ;
She bids them seek their heavenly Maker's face,
And bids them pray for wisdom and for grace,
She tells them that the blessed God on high,
Will kindly listen to an infant's cry ;

Though earth, and sea, though heav'n of heav'ns are
 his,

He hears our prayers, and what is good he gives,
 What he withholds we never ought to crave ;
 But always be content with what we have ;
 For God knows best, and man should ne'er repine,
 God cannot err, whose every way's divine.
 If you, dear children, make this book your friend,
 You'll happy live, and peace will be your end ;
 And when matur'd in years, in this you'll find
 Sweet consolation to the troubled mind,
 'Twill point to mansions that will e'er remain,
 And those bright dwellings may my children gain :
 May Heav'n, in kindness, bless those virtuous friends,
 Who to the helpless, worthy, poor attends ;
 By whose benevolence their helpless children's taught,
 And by their aid with usefulness are fraught ;
 May Heav'n in kindness, for 'tis ever kind,
 Enlighten those who form the youthful mind ;
 And when our heavenly Prince, our Judge descends,
 May children, teachers, and their richer friends,
 With joy and gladness meet him in the air,
 Alike his bounty and his love to share.

How happy then the pious matron's mind,
Who has her little flock to God resigned,
How pleased to see the little souls she taught,
Bright angels now in heaven's fairest court :
In this, ye rich, a sure reward you'll find,
The thought, that to these angels you were kind ;
That through your bounty they to God were led,
And taught, of him, to ask their daily bread :
And may poor children ever grateful prove,
And by their virtue testify their love.

MY FRIEND.

SURROUNDED with scenery charming and fair,
 And blest with the breeze of the purest air,
 In a sweet rural cot from the city away,
 Around which the squirrel and leveret play :
 In the morning awoke by the note of the bird,
 In the evening charm'd with the bell of the herd,
 Though hard at her work, yet happy and clean,
 Is this friend of mine, I'll soon say whom I mean.
 'Tis not wealth, 'tis not power, that's fall'n to her lot ;
 But happiness oft times is found in a cot ;
 'Tis early the toil of her labour's begun,
 And seldom she's finish'd till setting of sun ;
 It is rarely from home this rustic is seen
 Nor e'er does she mix with the group on the green,

No time for to gossip or talk can she find,
For slander and gossip a sting leave behind ;
'Tis seldom that tattlers and gossips speak truth ;
And she has avoided it e'en from her youth.
She's kind, she's obedient, she's humble and clean,
She always seems happy—her mind is serene.
But what is the best of this sweet rustic maid,
Both morning and evening her tribute is paid,
To him who protects her, by day and by night—
Who watches her paths in darkness and light ;
With calmness and pleasure she bows to his will,
And each of his laws she strives to fulfil ;
Nor e'er does she sigh for wealth, or for power,
For riches, she says, we may lose in an hour.
On the sweet sabbath morn this maiden is seen,
In the temple of God, clad neatly and clean ;
Nor e'er is she known for to trifle and stare,
'Tis heaven alone she thinks on when there.
Now p'r'aps you will think it is time for to tell,
The name of this maid, of whom fame speaks so well ;
Indeed as I have her whole history told,
'Tis nothing but right I her name should unfold,

Why, humble Contentment 's the name she has took,
In retirement she dwells, beside yonder brook,
And whenever on earth such a maiden I find,
In truth I'm her friend, with my heart, and my mind.

OUR VILLAGE

From the noise and the tumult of life.

Far away from the city's gay din :

All around us is calmness and joy,

Contentment and peace are within.

The rooks cawing over our head,

Around us the lambkins at play,

The squirrel is bounding on high,

The lark singing long before day.

The husbandman going to work,

With health and content on his brow,

To thrash, sow, or harrow the land,

Or with Dobbin to follow the plough.

He toils till the sun is gone down,
He then to his cottage returns,
Where his wife and children are found,
Round the hearth where the gay faggot burns.

The wife for his coming provides
His supper with neatness and care;
While a child runs to hang up his hat,
Another to place him a chair.

Then sure such a welcome as this
His toils and his labours repay,
For happy his evenings are spent,
Though he works and toils all the day;

Contented then here we'll remain,
In smiling tranquillity rest,
For gaiety, grandeur, or pride,
Cannot give real peace to our breast.

COME, an

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My soul feels as if 'twould not
Join the worldling part or lot ;
All its wishes seem in him,
Who redeemed my soul from sin.
My soul's anxious to away
From its tenement of clay ;
Tir'd it feels of all on earth,
Now it's felt its second birth.
Hush, my soul, thou'rt gone too far,
Resignation is a star,
Shineth in the darkest night
To the traveller giveth light,
As he walks to Canaan's land,
His impatience doth remand,
Bids him on the Lord depend,
Tells him soon his walk will end,
And with patience to pursue
The work that's given him to do ;
And although in kindness he
Set thy wounded spirit free,
And - - - thy heart to pray'r
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RESIGNATION.

COME, and now we'll tune the lyre,
My soul's full of heavenly fire,
God has heard me from above,
True it is that " God is love ;"
Just now to his throne I went,
To ask his spirit I was bent ;
I ask'd in faith through Jesu's name,
Nor did I pray to him in vain ;
This very moment it appears,
Jesus banishes all fears,
That he fills our hearts with good,
Gives our souls their needful food.
My spirit seems as if 'twould fly
To you regions in the sky ;

My soul feels as if 'twould not
Join the worldling part or lot ;
All its wishes seem in him,
Who redeemed my soul from sin.
My soul's anxious to away
From its tenement of clay ;
Tir'd it feels of all on earth,
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Let it be thy greatest care

Never to oppose his will,
His commands with joy fulfil.
Though he's given peace of mind,
Though thy griefs are left behind,
Since thou from his footstool came,
Remember thou art still the same ;
Weak, inconstant, insincere,
Oft in doubt, and oft in fear ;
Tubgo hot night in eestasy,
To-morrow p'r'aps you'll be away,
Far from heaven, far from God,
Travelling quite another road ;
Yet quench not the grace that's giv'n,
Thankful be, rely on heav'n.
Crave not less for things above,
Feel not any less of love,
Think not more of things on earth,
Dwell upon the second birth ;
But let meek submission lead,
To thy Maker's will accede ;
Never say, I wish to go
To the land you do not know ;

But let this your language be,
Lord, I leave it all to thee ;
Thou, O Lord, know'st what is best,
To thy will I leave the rest ;
Only do thy Spirit give,
While upon this earth I live.
Then, although I wish to fly
To the bright abodes on high,
I shall with submission stand,
And await thy blest command ;
My words won't be, I want to come,
They will be, Thy will be done.
And although full well I know
That this is a world of woe,
It was God that sent us here
For a better to prepare.
I must stay and do his will
Whether fortune's fair or ill ;
Patiently I must endure
What I have not pow'r to cure ;
And, my soul, though anxious we
Are our Saviour's face to see,

Be assured the time will come,
God will lead us to his Son ;
Take us to the land above,
Where all's harmony and love,
Angels there will us befriend,
Christ himself will us attend ;
Then never more, my soul, repine,
But to the will of Heav'n resign.

AN INVOCATION TO BRITANNIA TO PROTECT
THE SONS OF GENIUS.

O ALBION, Albion, have you lost your eyes ?
Or do you scorn the virtuous and the wise ?
England, do you fair Genius' sons disclaim ?
Is that the case, Britannia, O for shame !
Children of Genius once were England's boast,
And her bright sons they have preserv'd our coast,
And yet you now neglected let them lie :
O England, England ! can you this deny ?
Or has kind Pity quite forsook our isle.
That she does not on Merit's children smile ?
One of her children I this day have met,
But dire dejection on each feature sat ;

In coarse, unseemly raiment he was clad,
England, O England, this indeed's too bad.
He was an aged man, with silvery hair,
O'er his sad fate my tears I could not spare,
Could I him place upon a throne, I would,
Besides being wise he is so very good.
Had I the pow'r, but little pow'r is mine,
I'd for his brow the graceful laurels twine ;
Britannia, pray arise, awake, awake !
And do the part of Genius' children take ;
Arise, and judge aright fair Merit's cause,
And then I'll praise my native island's laws :
For I dislike Britannia's faults to blaze,
But slighted worth does my indignance raise.
Then rise, Britannia, pray arise, and take
Some pity on them, do, for thy own sake,
Or you will lose the name you're proud to own,
The seat of justice, and kind bounty's throne.
To see such men as H—— by want distress'd
Has kindled anger in a female's breast.
Cause not the fair, Britannia, you to blame,
You're merits, friend, afar, aloud proclaim.

From Want's dire fetters Genius' children bring,
Then your fair daughters shall your praises sing.
Britannia's equity then shall be my lays,
My ev'ry song shall be to England's praise.

INNOCENCE AND CLARISSA.

AN Innocence, my pretty maid,
How fairy-like are you array'd !
You're going to some court I ween,
To dance and entertain the queen :
You look indeed exceeding fair,
And trip along as light as air.

“ Indeed I'm not, you need not fear
'Tis seldom I in courts appear,
I'm going to farmer Truth's to-day,
With his dear children there to play ;
And at eve, as oft you've seen,
I'm going to sport upon the green ;
Then at night I'm going to sleep
With Mary and her gentle sheep.

I love the shepherdess so well,
That I delight with her to dwell ;
Sometimes we stray beside the brook,
Then to the river side we flock,
There together we sport and sing,
The hills around with our voices ring ;
Sweet nature with us is singing around,
Happiness too of our party is found ;
The shepherds come at the sound of our voice,
Then shepherds and maidens gaily rejoice,
They say like angels' our melodies sound,
And we in our turn their praises redound ;
Happy and innocent passes our time,
Our theme and our songs are often divine ;
Charming Religion's one of our group,
One of our party is beautiful Hope ;
We often admire this angel-like maid,
She is so pretty, and airy array'd ;
Purity there with her graces are seen,
Light as a fairy she trips o'er the green ;
And charity too with angelic hand,
With her harp and voice she gladdens our band ;

Simplicity joins with innocent dress,
Like a young goddess I truly confess,
And cautioning Truth too often does call,
Bids us while dancing to mind we don't fall ;
Simpering Modesty stands by our side,
Dignified Prudence is there too, to guide ;
Clarissa, then talk no more of a throne,
I love the shepherds far better I own.

TO AMBITION.

AMBITION, here you're lurking still,
You're at my side go where I will;
Good men against you do attest,
Then shall I lodge you as my guest?

But 's when at riches that you aim,
That they against you do exclaim;
For when you strive in virtue's cause,
To censure you 's against their laws.

'Tis when at wealth your arrows fly,
And when you crave for titles high;

You ne'er to me have talk'd of gold,
Nor e'er of fame a story told.

I should have hush'd you if you had,
To wish for gold is very bad ;
It is an empty baubling thing,
Nor can it solid pleasure bring.

It cannot real peace impart,
It cannot soothe the aching heart ;
It cannot calm the troubled breast,
Nor yet procure us lasting rest.

Ne'er after gold will I pursue,
Nor grandeur will I crave for you ;
After such trifles I'll ne'er run,
And those who do will be undone.

But still there's something that I crave,
Something that I wish to have ;
There is one thing at which I aim,
There's one thing I wish to obtain.

There's one thing that I wish to be,
That is, thy daughter, Poesy ;
If for your child you will me own,
Ambition, then with you I've done.

TIME.

ARE you of any worth, Time, tell me pray ?
For I have often seen you thrown away :
Of little value you must be,
Or men would set more store by thee ;
I've seen them any thing pursue,
Rather than spend a day with you ;
I have known them fly to the vale of sleep,
Or than stay with you they would skim the deep !

You really must be some contemptible thing,
You surely must something most horrible bring,
For ever since sight and perception's been mine,
There's nothing I've seen so squandered as time !

Say, what are your faults—say, where do you lead ?
Say where you reside—on what do you feed ?
Say what is your work, tell me what do you do ?
'That I may account for this slighting of you ;
You really must be some being unkind,
To be slighted, dislik'd, and shunn'd by mankind ;
In you they have surely some treachery found,
Pray is that the case? to me now expound,
The whole of this matter to me now relate,
Tell me what causes this terrible hate ?
Say, what are your faults, say what do you do ?
From whence do you come, say, where do you go ?
Then if I find 'tis for nothing they blame,
I'm sure you shall see I will not do the same,
Give you your due, if your worth you can prove,
Gratefully thank you, and always you love,
I'll greatly esteem ev'ry lesson you give,
Faithfully love you as long as I live ;
That's all I can say, for then where I go,
You will not be there you very well know ;
My interrogations answer I pray,
Just let me hear what you have for to say,

I implore you to speak in your own vindication,
Your innocence then shall be my declaration,
I'll tell them how wrong to blame without cause,
Ask where they found such detestable laws;
I'll demand of them why you're neglected and slighted,
I'll own, were they wise, they'd with you be delighted.
“ Answer your prayer I most certainly will,
Though to say what I am requires much skill ;
Did you go the world all over to trace,
Even then you'd not find my every grace ;
The wonders I do, the wonders I've done,
You cannot unfathom though till weary you run ;
Nor indeed can I ever disclose to my friend
The works I've begun, or when they will end,
But I'll tell a little your mind to appease ;
Say where I affront, and where that I please,
Say who 'tis that loves me, and who does abhor,
Tell you the reason how 'tis, and what for ;
I'll tell you why men are fearful to be
One hour alone in my company,
'Tis this—because that before them I bring
Their horrible crimes their detestable sin ;

And what's more than all, I bear them away
From revelry's shores where they love for to play,
To the chambers of death and irksome disease,
Then wonder no more I'm unable to please.
There's some, though, who love me, and tenderly too
I lead to the land where first happiness grew ;
On my wings them I bear, then rapidly fly
To the mansions of love beyond the fair sky ;
To some of my works you must go and appeal
From some of my ways you may learn a great deal ;
Just go to the leaves that are falling around,
They'll tell you 'twas me brought them all to the
ground ;
Beasts of the forest, of whom men are afraid,
Hundreds, thousands, millions, before me have laid.
The mountains that proudly aspire to the sky,
Their strength and their might I will surely defy,
I will certainly bring them to nought at the last,
Though they boast of their firmness, and say they
stand fast.
Just go to yon ruins which mouldering lie,
Ask who 'twas destroy'd them, they'll tell you 'twas I ;

Yon castles and towers that proudly deride,
I'll bring them to dust, I'll their columns divide,
For statelier fabrics to the ground I have brought,
And they too shall see I can bring them to nought.
And then next appeal to the boisterous sea,
Ask who is its master—'twill send you to me.
The tide as it ebbs, and the tides as they flow,
I shall live to destroy them, I very well know
There's nothing immutable here I have shown,
I demolish you all, I monarchs dethrone ;
The trees in the forest that for centuries stand,
To dust and to ashes are brought by my hand;
The winds that are roaring and howling around,
Will confess that in me their master is found,
Though now to my voice they will never attend,
They'll find I shall bring all their noise to an end ;
The sun that does now so delightfully shine,
Convinced must be he cannot outlive time :
The moon, and the stars, that enliven your world,
By my powerful arm to nought shall be hurl'd,
When I've brought them to this I'll down with them
lie,

My work will be ended, I then too must die.
Now this much you know, you this truth sure must see,
I conduct all mankind to Eternity.
But the day or the hour I cannot define
That only is known to the Monarch of Time.”
I thank thee, O Time, for the truths you’ve display’d,
I own that in kindness I’ve found you array’d ;
To me this instruction you kindly have given,
That you lead the good to the kingdom of heaven ;
Then Time, how majestic, then Time, oh ! how strong
To slight and ill use thee, how wicked ! how wrong !
I’ll esteem you, I’ll love you, the rest of my days,
Indeed, as I promis’d, your worth I’ll now praise.
All kingdoms, all people, I call to attend,
While I tell what you are, and how you will end.
The value of Time, O how great must it be,
The faithful conductor to Eternity !

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

O LIFE, how short are all thy joys,
Thy greatest pleasures are but toys !
They please but for a little day,
Then mocking us they run away.
All knowledge of us they disclaim,
For loving them they us disdain.

What are thy pleasures? pray define,
If good they are, then I'll be thine.

Thy pleasures false, they oft decoy,
They win us only to annoy ;
They please us with their glitt'ring sight,
They turn our noonday into night ;

Gain the hearts of a thoughtless throng,
Then censure them for doing wrong ;
 What are thy pleasures ? I repeat,
 An empty, baubling, mask'd deceit !

They often by their arts allure
From sweeter paths where pleasure's sure,
They take away our blooming spring,
And in its stead they winter bring,
They take from us a lasting store,
And in its place they poison pour.
 What are thy pleasures ? I ask again ;
 I'll answer too, they are only pain !

They often declare they will over us spread,
A canopy fair that shall shield our head,
From sadness which we on our journey may meet,
We trust in it oft, this is also deceit.
Then what are thy pleasures, I ask thee what ?
To say they are real, indeed you cannot.
Life's pleasures, what are they ? I tremble to tell,
The highway, the pathway, that leads us to hell !

Decoy us from valleys where happiness reigns,
To mountains of sadness, and drearish plains,
From sylvan regions where the graces all play,
To the land of reproach they bear us away,
On the wings of delusion by them we are borne,
Then in disappointment they leave us forlorn !
Then where are thy pleasures, say where are they
found ?
They are empty, delusive, they're nothing but sound !

O pleasures of life, you are born to deceive,
You promise us much, and have nothing to give ;
You lead us from regions transcendently fair,
To the caverns and dens of horrid despair !
You bid us the duties of life to forget,
We follow you oft, but we are sure to regret.
The pleasures of life then what do they bring ?
Remorse, disappointment, an incurable
sting !

Yet by your allurements we're frequently led,
Till we languish and die on misery's bed ;

Say, pleasures of life, did you ever impart
A balsam to heal a sorrowful heart?
O pleasures of life, did you ever save
Even one of your sons from the threatening grave :
The pleasures of life, I now will declare,
They poison contain, though they're painted so fair.

To question thy worth to the grave I now go,
And loudly appeal to the nations below,
From the serious children of death to obtain
The truth—if you purchas'd them pleasure or pain.
All artifice, sure, in those regions is hush'd,
In the grave the mask'd form of deception is crush'd :
They answer my call, they all loudly repeat,
Avoid it, pass by it, 'tis nought but deceit !

THE OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

I MET him, it was winter time,
Poor old man, how his locks did shine,
Hair so silvery, chang'd by time,

Poor old man !

The world he had lov'd, it was his delight,
He follow'd the crowd, till it was almost night,
But at length he found that a serpent would bite,

Poor old man !

Yet onward he went with particular care,
He never once thought O how hard he should fare,
Nor knowledge had he of regions more fair,

Poor old man !

He oft to the shrine of the world would repair,
And entreatingly ask of it, joys to prepare,
For the pleasures of life he wish'd for to share,

Poor old man !

I have stay'd some time in this path, then he thought,
The pleasures it promised are all come to nought,
To search for a truer companion I ought,

Poor old man !

To search for a friend, then his footsteps he bent,
On a lasting one, too, he was surely intent,
Then to regions more fair he hastily went,

Good old man !

And when he returned, he told me he found
A Father on high and a friend most profound,
And while he had breath he his praises would sound,

Good old man !

He was sorry, he said, (I took it for truth,)
He'd slighted his God in the days of his youth,

Wished faithful he'd been like the handmaiden Ruth,
Good old man !

He promis'd me too, and he kept to his word,
That in future he'd sing to the praise of his Lord,
Who would every comfort and blessing afford,
Rich old man !

And happy he is now, and so will remain,
For the peaceable tomb his ashes contain,
Till the coming of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Sainted old man !

He then will arise and join the bright train,
Find his petitions have not been in vain,
For his every wish he then will obtain,
Happy old man !

A SUMMARY OF THE FOREGOING PIECES.

ON page the first the muse you'll find,
And poetess not far behind,
A culprit there before them stands,
They talk about his iron hands ;
Then next you'll find the soldier's wife,
Who loves her husband as her life,
Though she hath brought her griefs to mind,
She to them all appears resign'd ;
The soldier too we must commend,
He learns us where to find a friend.
Then comes the traveller on his way,
And something he has got to say,
He tells us, if we think aright,
We need not fear although 'tis night ;

And after this we go to see
The saintly maids of Bethany ;
We're taught by them whom we should trust,
And that the Lord is great and just.
From death's strong arms our God can save,
That Jesus Christ defies the grave.
Then next we meet the hermit sage,
Who leads us on from page to page ;
He's been from house to house to see
If he can find humanity.
And then we find a little school,
Where religion seems to rule ;
And the mistress hopes to meet
Her little tribe at Jesu's feet ;
When heaven and earth are fled away,
She means in everlasting day :
We trust that Heaven will hear her prayer,
And hope ourselves those joys to share.
Then next we find a pretty maid,
With every grace she looks array'd,
'Tis rare that we such damsels meet,
To find this one is quite a treat.

By all account our author's bent
To call her by the name Content.
Then there's a little bit to scan
About a poor industrious man,
Who, after working in the fields,
What sweets his cot at evening yields !
His children play around his feet,
His loving wife is pleas'd to meet ;
For being parted all the day,
At ev'ning she has much to say,
To tell him Harry has been good,
But little Mary rather rude ;
Then from the cottage we retire,
To hear Submission tune the lyre.
And then we see a maid in prayer,
For Genius' sons is all her care,
She's at Britannia's shrine invoking—
Will she not hear ? it is provoking.
Britannia should be proud, I'm sure,
When maidens artlessly implore :
Indeed I think it very right
Britannia merit should requite—

In fact, I could almost declare
Britain will answer the maiden's prayer.

Generosity surely our island shall fame,
Benevolence still shall be Britannia's name ;
If she could, she herself would lighten his woes,
But her purse being light, to others she goes,
I'm sure for his griefs she does acutely feel,
And pities him too, though not power to heal.
Then lovely Clarissa takes Innocence' hand,
Where are you going ? 's Clarissa's command.
Indeed, my Clarissa, I'm not bound to court,
But with the young shepherds I'm going to sport.
A little from this we see Ambition stand,
Entreating a maiden to give him her hand ;
'Tis no use to sue, though, I plainly can see,
For her heart has been given to poesy ;
This maiden, I fear, is becoming quite bold,
She's been to interrogate Time, I am told ;
But he to her questions attention did pay,
He was very kind, she is proud for to say ;

A something important he for her defin'd,
We cannot then wonder she confesses him kind ;
The pleasures of life, then, she next goes to meet,
And is told from the grave they are but deceit.
A worthy old man she afterwards meets.
An account of his life of him she intreats,
A very long time she stays with him to chat,
Inquiring first this thing, then exploring that,
She says with old age she delights to converse,
They've always something of worth to rehearse ;
No more, poor old man, though, he now can disclose,
For in the dark tomb he is gone to repose.
And now, my dear friends, I will bid you adieu,
I'll quit this old subject, and seek for a new—
I'll leave the old man, hermit, pleasure, and time,
And go and converse with my favourite rhyme ;
He's given a hint, if I understand right,
That next he'll converse on the land of light ;
If he keeps to his word, and gives me a view,
Dear friends, I will gladly relate it to you.

104 A SUMMARY OF THE FOREGOING PIECES.

And I hope, my reader, by this you to lead
To the land from whence all our blessings proceed :

And trust, while amusing your mind with my rhyme,
To carry your thoughts to regions divine ;
Delightful it is I must candidly own,
To please and instruct, although I'm unknown.

THE HAPPY LAND.

ANGELS, sons of the land of light,
Deign to converse with me to-night.
Unfold to this inquiring mind
The tasks that are to you assign'd ;
Glorious beings like to you
Something great must have to do,
Natives of a land of bliss,
Can you visit a world like this ?
Are you tempted, say, by love,
E'er to leave those joys above ?
Angels' love do mortals share—
Say, is mouldering dust thy care ?
Angels, sons of the land of light,
Deign to converse with me to-night.

How oft while sitting on this very seat,
With joy and rapture would my young heart beat,
To see how swift he'd climb the highest tree,
Again, with bounding steps, return to me ;
Then throw some pretty branch into my lap—
“ Could not I get it ?” then he would me tap
Upon the cheek, “ what say, my pretty Nan ?
You see your brother is a clever man—
Can climb the trees, and pluck the topmost bough,
You cannot doubt my skill, Miss Nanny, now.”
For I had said, “ You cannot climb so high :
I'm sure, dear Edwin, 'tis no use to try.”
How oft with flowers too, he'd dress my hair,
Then take my hand, and kiss my cheek—declare
Me like the goddess of the lovely spring ;
Then take his pipe, he'd play an air and sing,
In honour of his own made little queen,
While I would dance upon the daisied green.
O'er yonder hills how oft he did me lead,
And some sweet book to Anna kindly read ;
Then to the churchyard we would bend our way,
Over its hillocks oft for hours stray.

O'er infant's graves often would Edwin cry,
Then turn to me, he'd heave a heavy sigh,
And say, "Anna, how good should children be,
A child lies here, not near so old as me,
And we, my Anna, very soon may die,
And in this cold churchyard be brought to lie;"
Then I would clasp him round the neck, and say,
"Oh never, never must you go away,
Oh no, dear brother, never must you go,
Oh, should you die, I really do not know
What I should do, live I could not, when you
Were dead; alas! I know I should die too;
My little soul would then soon bid adieu
To this world, Edwin, and to all things here,
And after thee, sweet angel, it would steer."
Thus oft together we'd for hours walk,
Of death, of angels, and of heaven talk;
Beneath this tree, although it gives me pain,
I trace these scenes over and o'er again.
I eye the cot where once the woodbine blew,
And yonder bed where the fair lily grew,
But now each flower droops its lovely head,
As if they knew, dear Edwin, thou wert dead,

Though these mortal eyes can't see,
Angels, are you guarding me ?
Happy spirits, fair and bright,
Are you watching me to-night ?
Is there one whose wings are spread,
O'er this poor defenceless head ?
Are you near me, tell me, pray ?
Seraphs, hear what I've to say.
Dwellers in the land of light,
Deign to talk with me to-night.
Night hath spread her wings around,
Nought but darkness now is found ;
Nature too is wrapt in sleep,
Shepherds they have left their sheep.
I alone appear awake,
Come and talk, for pity's sake ;
You who live in the land of light,
Come and converse with me to-night.
Something I now wish to know
Of the world to which I go—
Come, ye angels, from above,
Give a view of the land of love.

Angels, spirits, come, now come,
Tell a little of my last home ;
For I hope, ere it be long,
I myself shall join your throng.
Something, then, I wish to know
Of the land to which I go ;
Angels, spirits, I hope to be
Soon with you in eternity ;
The wondrous things I then shall see,
Angels, spirits, tell to me.
Seraphs, come and me delight,
Give a view of the land of light.
Angels, tell me what you do—
What employments you pursue
What the tasks to you assign'd,
Do you ever watch mankind ?
Is there any, and who, tell,
Round whom angels love to dwell ?
Have you e'er on our earth been—
Hath frail man an angel seen ?
Is it only in our night
That you leave the land of light ?

Happy, happy spirits, say,
How you spend your long bright day.
“ Maiden, I to thee will come,
I'll tell thee of thy last home ;
Maiden, I'll relate to you,
In part the works that angels do,
Gladly I will you delight
With a view of the land of light ;
Look now with a faithful eye,
Note the works beyond the sky.
Don't you see yon cherub band ?
Round their Maker's throne they stand,
To him there they sweetly sing,
With his name our regions ring ;
Then behold the other tribe,
Standing by their Maker's side.
There stand all the saints of earth,
With their sorrow turned to mirth !
There your great forefathers stand,
Happy in an angel's land,
Prophets, martyrs, saints there reign,
Who on earth found nought but pain.

There do all believers rest,
On the blessed Jesu's breast,
They no more need feel alarm,
Resting on a Father's arm,
Sorrow there ne'er brings her night,
In those regions all is light.
See the peaceful saints now meet,
Singing at their Saviour's feet.
Oh! ours is a land of peace,
Strife and discord there do cease.
Nowhere there does Sorrow walk,
Never there does Slander talk,
Love does in those regions grow,
There love's purest rivers flow.
There's no strife or malice there,
No distrust, or wearying care,
There's no pride, nor yet disdain,
Neither misery nor pain.
There ambition's tongue is hushed,
Sad resentment there is crush'd,
Hatred there is quite unknown,
All is Love round Heaven's throne ;

Yet for what we take away,
Well we always you repay.
Could but mortals judge aright
It is day we give for night.
If we take from you your bread
We offer heaven in its stead ;
If 'tis sight we take away
'Tis to give eternal day.
Angels sorry are to see
Man thoughtless of eternity ;
Then they come and take from him
Whate'er is the cause of sin.
All things here soon fade away,
Heav'n's an eternal day.
Though we take man's earthly toys,
'Tis to give enduring joys.
Maiden, maiden, now you find
Angels watch and guard mankind.
Seraphs will rejoice to see
All men in eternity.
Maiden, now I tell no more
Of angels, or of heaven's shore.

Neither could you understand,
More of the fair seraph's land.
You must your Redeemer love,
Then you'll know the land above.
Serve him with the greatest care,
Angel's bliss you then will share,
The glories of our land you'll know,
And the sweets that in it grow.
Christ, our blessed Lord, was slain
That you might our joys obtain ;
Jesu's precious blood was shed,
That a crown might grace your head ;
Jesus Christ a ransom gave,
From death's world your soul to save,
Love your Saviour more and more,
Till you reach the seraph's shore ;
But thy love can't perfect be,
Till you gain eternity.
Dear maid, now I must begone,
Day, you see, is coming on,
And I hope we two shall meet,
Where your joy will be complete ;

In the happy land of light,
Where there never will come night.
Maiden, I bid you adieu,
Gentle spirits shall watch you,
And I shall feel true delight
To see thee in lands of light.

A SISTER'S RECOLLECTIONS,

OR

EDWIN AND THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

When evening closes in the summer's day,
To this lone spot poor Anna bends her way,
But not as once to list to Edwin's lute,
His voice and pipe to Anna now is mute,
In lands far distant Edwin's voice now sounds,
In unknown worlds his heavenly lute redounds.
Beneath this bay, Edwin, thy favourite tree,
Upon the rustic seat placed here by thee,
I sit and muse upon our childish days—
Thy love, and fondness, and thy sportive ways,

How oft while sitting on this very seat,
With joy and rapture would my young heart beat,
To see how swift he'd climb the highest tree,
Again, with bounding steps, return to me ;
Then throw some pretty branch into my lap—
“ Could not I get it ?” then he would me tap
Upon the cheek, “ what say, my pretty Nan ?
You see your brother is a clever man—
Can climb the trees, and pluck the topmost bough,
You cannot doubt my skill, Miss Nanny, now.”
For I had said, “ You cannot climb so high :
I'm sure, dear Edwin, 'tis no use to try.”
How oft with flowers too, he'd dress my hair,
Then take my hand, and kiss my cheek—declare
Me like the goddess of the lovely spring ;
Then take his pipe, he'd play an air and sing,
In honour of his own made little queen,
While I would dance upon the daisied green.
O'er yonder hills how oft he did me lead,
And some sweet book to Anna kindly read ;
Then to the churchyard we would bend our way,
Over its hillocks oft for hours stray.

O'er infant's graves often would Edwin cry,
Then turn to me, he'd heave a heavy sigh,
And say, " Anna, how good should children be,
A child lies here, not near so old as me,
And we, my Anna, very soon may die,
And in this cold churchyard be brought to lie ;"
Then I would clasp him round the neck, and say,
" Oh never, never must you go away,
Oh no, dear brother, never must you go,
Oh, should you die, I really do not know
What I should do, live I could not, when you
Were dead; alas ! I know I should die too :
My little soul would then soon bid adieu
To this world, Edwin, and to all things here,
And after thee, sweet angel, it would steer."
Thus oft together we'd for hours walk,
Of death, of angels, and of heaven talk ;
Beneath this tree, although it gives me pain,
I trace these scenes over and o'er again.
I eye the cot where once the woodbine blew,
And yonder bed where the fair lily grew,
But now each flower droops its lovely head,
As if they knew, dear Edwin, thou wert dead,

The sweet carnation half-reluctant blows,
And rankling weeds encircle thy fair rose.
Ah, dearest Edwin, here I sit and think
I see thee prune the rose, and clip the pink,
Train round the cottage door the woodbine sweet.
Then say, "Dear Anna, have I done it neat?"
And ask your loving mother, with a smile,
To come and see if she approv'd the stile,
To say if you had train'd the flower aright,
Did she applaud, how great was your delight,
Ah! dearest Edwin, sweet obedient boy,
Thy parents pleas'd, how visible thy joy;
With heartfelt pleasure they thy love would see,
And pour ten thousand blessings over thee;
But now thy parents are bowed down with pain,
Edwin, how can they e'er thy loss sustain?
Relentless death, how powerful thy tide,
You've forc'd away a father's greatest pride!
Bereav'd an aged mother of her joy,
And torn from her, her dear, her only boy;
A youth so good, so amiable, and kind,
Endow'd with virtues that we rarely find,

Gentle, attentive, loving, and sincere,
Cheerful, and pious, who could but revere
A youth like thee ? who, dearest Edwin ? None—
None e'er disliked thee, no, oh no, not one,
All lov'd young Edwin of the lowland farm,
A soul so tender, meek, so free from harm ;
For every grace was in my brother seen,
Although, indeed, he was but just eighteen !
And tears of sympathy dimm'd every eye,
When in the tomb they saw young Edwin lie ;
And, sainted angel, dreadful was the smart
Which at that moment darted through my heart,
When they repeated o'er thee, " Dust to dust,"
I thought my frantic, troubled soul would burst
Its covering of earth, this mouldering clay,
To seek thy spirit in the realm of day ;
Never, oh never, may I feel again
Such anguish, sorrow, or such direful pain ;
But there's a greater suff'rer yet than I,
Whose piteous sighs, methinks, must reach the
sky—
Who felt a different kind of love from mine,
Her gentle soul, I may say, fled with thine ;

The lovely Julia, sweet, angelic maid,
No peace for her till by thy side she's laid,
Until the same green sod which covers you,
Conceals the wasted form of Julia too.
That gentle girl, who first won thy young heart,
Hath never smil'd since she saw thee depart.
She who 'twas always your delight to please,
Whose every word with thine did acquiesce,
Two souls united by the sweetest bond,
True to each other, loving, kind, and fond.
Often I've seen thee, like the bounding doe,
Light as the hare across yon uplands go,
Or the young fawn that skips along the green,
Haste to yon cottage, then with Julia seen,
You trip like fairies o'er the spangled plain,
Then smiling, back to me return again.
I've seen you pluck the choicest flowers of May,
And to the pastor's house then run away,
Give them to Julia, emblems of her mind,
Artless and charming, innocent, refin'd ;
Love at the moment darting from her eyes,
As from your hand she took the lovely prize.

Not all the wealth which from yon hills we view
Was so much worth as those few flow'rs from you.
On summer evenings, Julia you would bring,
While on your lute you play'd, she was to sing ;
And often, Edwin, I have known you fetch
Your Julia, just to come and take a sketch
Of me, as I was working in the sun ;
But I could see my Edwin why 'twas done,
'Twas the fair artist that you wish'd to see,
You did not want, dear boy, a sketch of me ;
For when she came, no drawing was there done,
For she must first go here, then with you run
O'er yonder dales, and I was left alone,
Till twilight brought the youthful lovers home.
Dear harmless souls, artless as the young lambs,
That sport and frolic round their tender dams.
Conscious how very long they'd been away,
Oft archly smiling would poor Edwin say,
" I'm sorry, Anna, we've been gone so long,
But we've been list'ning to a shepherd's song."
O never mind, dear Edwin, but I ween
It is a pretty shepherdess you mean ;

What say, my Julia, did you listen too—
Or were the shepherd's notes, pray, sung by you ?
Blushes would then o'erspread her pretty cheek,
Looking at Edwin, hint for him to speak,
And he would Julia's very look obey,
Say, " Anna, question us no more, now pray,
'Tis true we staid from you a tedious time,
But then the evening is so very fine,
The queen of night her silver beams now darts
Upon our heads, and cheers our youthful hearts.
We love to wander 'neath the fir-tree's shade,
And by the moonlight traverse o'er the glade ;
You do not mind it, Nanny, though, I know,
And home with Julia now I've got to go ;
Sweet girl, she at the door awaits for me,
When I return, Anna, I'll talk to thee ;
For at the rectory we must be by nine ;
That is, you know, the rector's prayer time,
And 'tis my Julia's wish to be within
Before her father does the prayers begin."
On sabbath morns, soon as the bells did sound,
Along yon peaceful lane would we two bound ;

'Twas seldom, though, that I walked as I ought,
My steps were first too slow and then too short.
“ Anna,” he’d say, “ what is the matter pray ?
How very slow you walk along to-day ;”
But Anna knew the cause of Edwin’s haste—
Well knew why she was wished to walk so fast ;
“ Edwin,” I’d say, “ why we shall be in time,
The little bell has not begun to chime ;”
The church door gained, then I was bid adieu ;
Edwin, of late, preferred the pastor’s pew,
The seat which once was pleasing to his sight,
Was now to Edwin ev’ry thing but right ;
Had his fair Julia not yet reach’d her seat,
Back he would go, with quick and hasty feet,
Unto the little rustic churchyard gate,
And there for Julia and her father wait ;
Then he’d lead into church his Julia fair,
The sun ne’er darted on a lovelier pair—
Innocence, virtue, excellence and truth,
A sage’s piety with the bloom of youth ;
But earthly beauty like a fragrant flow’r,
Which charms us now, but fades within an hour.

One sabbath saw young Edwin hale and gay,
The next, alas ! it was his funeral day.
Julia, one sabbath, happy, calm, serene,
The next, a frenzied maniac she was seen !
Alas ! how mutable are joys below,
Death crush'd these beauties by a single blow ;
Oh death ! oh death ! why did you aim your dart
To kill the one and wound the other's heart ?
Could not their beauty, love, and youth command
Thy pity, and thus stay thy vengeful hand
From blighting love, so mutual, firm and pure ?
Could not their loveliness and truth secure
Them from thy vengeance, death ? as fierce, as strong,
Though while I blame thee, perhaps I'm doing wrong :
Thyself a servant thus bound to obey,
When delegated, dare not to delay,
Nor ought I thus to murmur, grieve, or pine,
An embassy art thou from lands divine,
Commission'd by that power who gave us breath,
I'll not upbraid thee, I'll bow to thee, death ;
But still my thoughts they will to Julia fly,
Unhappy maid, she's ever in my eye ;

But my poor tongue, this tongue's not power to tell,
Poor Julia's anguish when he bid farewell
To parents, Anna, and that lovely maid,
But who could read it, should it be portray'd?
'Twould have drawn tears e'en from the stoutest heart,
To have seen Edwin and his Julia part;
All he could say, was, " Julia, look above,
There we shall meet, and never more, my love,
Shall pain or parting, death or doubt dismay:
Ours then will be a bright and happy day,
In heavenly lands, dear Julia, we shall meet,
Our hopes and pleasures then will be complete."
When he'd said this, in death he clos'd his eyes,
His spotless soul mounted towards the skies,
His peaceful spirit rapid took its flight,
To worlds of undisturb'd and pure delight;
But his fair Julia, weeping at his bed,
Would shrieking cry, " Alas! he's dead—he's dead."
Close by thy side, dear Edwin, she would stand,
Clasping and kissing thy cold icy hand,
With streams of tears would bathe thy deathly cheek
Then turning say, " My Edwin will not speak."

She'd sigh, and mourn, and sob, the live-long day,
Nor midnight darkness could draw her away
From watching thee, until the fatal morn,
That to yon churchyard, Edwin, thou wert borne,
Then follow'd thee unto thy hallow'd grave,
And then to join thy dust did Julia crave.
“ Oh ! do not take my Edwin from my view,
Unless you cover his poor Julia too.”
With frantic wildness her bright eyes would dart,
Nay, her distress and grief pain'd every heart.
Alas, alas ! how short thy days, O earth,
They fade and wither, soon as they take birth ;
Edwin, with every virtue, now is gone—
Reason and beauty have from Julia flown !
The pastor's daughter, once the village pride,
Is now a maniac by her Edwin's side !
At break of day poor Julia you may find,
With buds and blossoms of the sweetest kind,
Selecting flowers that Edwin loved the best,
She gently lays them where she thinks his breast
Is covered by the earthly sod—she cries,
O'er yonder plains redound her mourns and sighs..

She cries and grieves away her hapless day,
Nor can we get her from his tomb away ;
Oh hapless maid, when Edwin's spirit flew,
Thy nobler powers bid this world adieu !
Say, youthful mourner, did your reason fly
With Edwin's spirit to the distant sky ?
May his fond eye still watch thy weaken'd frame,
Until you meet in lands secure from pain,
Never, sweet Julia, then to part again.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

How peaceful am I in this dear little cot.
From the world far away, by the world p'r'aps forgot ;
My husband, who loves me, is far from his home,
No mortal is near me, yet I am not alone.

Thus talk'd poor Mary, as she sat by her fire,
(To be good and not great was her only desire,)
Although my dear Henry is far from his home,
And no mortal is near me, yet I'm not alone.

I remember his words when he went away,
" My sweet Mary, my dearest, forget not to pray.

Then although from my cot and country I'm gone,
I'm sure my dear Mary will not be alone."

I ne'er shall forget his last look and his sigh,
Or erase from my mind his affectionate eye,
As he said, " Dearest Mary, when I'm from you
gone,
If you pray to your Maker, He'll not leave you
alone.

" My duties oblige me from Mary to part,
And the thought of this parting it saddens my heart,
Nor e'er could I leave my dear wife or my home,
But for the sweet thought she will not be alone.

" My duties they call me o'er the boist'rous sea,
I could go with pleasure but for thinking of thee,
~~But~~ duty itself should not tempt me to roam,
But I know my dear Mary will not be alone.

" My monarch he calls me and I will obey,
At the word of command I will quickly away,

But no monarch should force me from my little home,
If I thought my sweet Mary would e'er be alone.

“ Monarchs like William we should willingly serve,
We should honour, obey, nay, the sailor should
love ;

But our sov'reign himself could not tempt me to
roam,

Did I think that my Mary would e'er be alone.

“ But I'll gladly obey the word of command,
To serve our good king I in readiness stand,
O'er the sea, over mountains, in peace I can roam,
For I'm sure my dear Mary will not be alone.

“ With a Friend and a Father, my Mary I leave,
And, whatever she asks for, He kindly will give ;
Then seek him, my Mary, when from you I'm gone,
Then you'll always be happy, and never alone.

“ With this kind protector, my Mary, so near,
Remember, my dearest, that you never need fear ;

Though no mortal be near you, and I'm from you
gone,
My Mary, my dearest, you'll not be alone."

'Twas thus that he talk'd as he stood at the door,
Ah! these were his last words as he left our dear
shore,
It was truth which he spoke, for since he has been
gone,
His poor Mary, indeed, has ne'er been alone.

My Friend and my Guardian is good, and He's
high,
And his dwelling surpasses the blue azure sky,
And yet to my cottage he kindly does come,
And the sailor's poor wife is never alone.

Although my dear Henry is far, far away,
His Mary's protected by night and by day,
Nor e'er does poor Mary feel dull or forlorn,
Because this good Friend never leaves her alone.

- With this Friend always near, I in peace can remain,
Till my dear and good husband returns back again,
Then Henry and Mary together shall own,
When God is our Friend we are never alone."

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA

ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE AT THE PARISH CHURCH, WINDSOR.

HAIL! august daughter of a virtuous king,
One who long grac'd the throne of Britain's isle,
Who lov'd to soothe the bosom of distress,
And cast on sorrow's child a father's smile.

His loving, royal, and beloved child,
Well mark'd the virtues that around him shone,
And now that he is gone to brighter worlds,
She takes those virtues for to be her own.

Behold her now at Heaven's footstool kneel,

While all the graces do around attend,
Her Saviour kindly list'ning to her prayer,
The tribes of heaven standing to defend.

Belov'd Augusta! on thy royal breast,

Wisdom and Virtue love for to recline,
And Britain's daughters ever shall confess,
That as a star Augusta's name doth shine.

FOR MY BROTHER'S BOOK;

A SISTER'S ADVICE.

WRITE me a piece for my dictation book,
Dear George requests with an enticing look,
Indeed, my dear, I do possess the will,
The query is, can I command the skill ?
But tell me first what I'm to write upon,
Of reading, drawing, writing, lexicon ?
Of masters, ushers, pupils ?—tell me what ;—
Of kings, of emp'rors, castles, or the cot ?—
You will not tell me ?—well, then, I must choose,
What I select, I know you'll not refuse ;
And should you not approve my subject, dear,
You'll gladly pen it—this I need not fear :
It may not, dearest, suit the taste of youth,
But you will find indeed it is the truth ;

And though you now its beauty cannot see,
In after times of service it may be :
Pen it, my George, down in your writing book,
And should you live, in ten years time just look,
And see if every word does not come true,
Of the small piece I now dictate for you ;
And sage experience then will you convince
'Tis truth what I now here to you evince ;
It is a simple truth soon understood
That those alone are happy who are good ;
This fact you've had from abler pens than mine.
It has been penn'd by men time after time ;
And though to please you I it write again,
When I leave off, you'll find it just the same ;
Nothing, my boy, can happiness impart
To those who have a stubborn, sinful heart ;
But if in goodness as in years you grow,
Around your path will peace and pleasure flow.
Tend to obedience in your youthful days,
Then hoary heads my dear will speak your praise ;
Let modesty, my boy, adorn thy brow,
This o'er thy worth will a bright lustre throw.

Let prudence guide thy every deed through life,
'Twill oft preserve from misery and strife ;
Follow the steps of temperance and care,
The greatest pleasures then with you she'll share ;
Make her your friend, and she will give you health,
Invaluable blessing, far surpassing wealth ;
Not to be equall'd by the eastern mines,
Compared to which the diamond dimly shines ;
Without this blessing as we're often told,
Useless would be the miser's hoards of gold ;
Did we possess a nation's wealth, my boy,
Without this blessing, what could we enjoy ?
Oh what to us would be the downy bed,
With pain, and sickness, and an aching head ?
Or what the embroider'd tapestry around,
If 'neath its shade disease and pain were found ?
Or what to us would be the richest fare,
Did sickness not allow us it to share ?
But blest with health, how sweet the coarsest bread,
E'en eat beneath the peasant's straw-thatch'd shed.
Oh ! blest with health, and with a conscience clear,
The choicest blessings mortals meet with here ;

Endow'd with these let us not crave for more,
We shall sleep sweetly, though our bed be straw !
Choose sweet Contentment for thy bosom friend,
Her cheering presence doth a king's transcend :
While this fair virtue doth around you play,
Happy, my dear, will pass your time away ;
Meekly you'll stand whatever ills betide,
From discontent you'll turn yourself aside,
Whate'er's your fate, you'll judge it for the best,
Do all you can, and leave to Heaven the rest ;
You'll bless your lot though it be mean and poor,
And think of what Christ did for you endure,
Looking for happiness in a brighter clime,
Exclaim, " Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine.
You'll find, my child, while you on earth remain,
That you will meet with peril, grief, and pain.
Fortune may aim her arrows at your heart,
And chilling poverty may take her part,
To plunge thee in the vale of sad despair,
And cloud thy days with sorrow, want, and care ;
But to avert their blows take fortitude
For thy defence, nor e'er, my child, exclude

Her from thy breast ; should fortune on thee smile,
Stand as a rock, nor let her thee beguile
From duty's path, or from the narrow way
That leads to light and never-ending day ;
But with becoming fortitude prepare
Thy mind to meet its frowns, as well as share
Its gifts, for fortune fickle as the sea,
To-day may smile, to-morrow frown on thee ;
But arm'd with fortitude, although she frown,
She may oppress, but cannot cast thee down.
Looking, my child, beyond this world of strife,
You'll seek for happiness in a future life.
And let benevolence live within thy heart,
Always be ready kindness to impart,
Be ever willing to afford relief,
To sorrow's child, oppress'd with care and grief,
Though little wealth, my boy, come to thy share,
Yet of that little something you may spare ;
But should affluence ever be thy lot,
With kind compassion seek affliction's cot,
With sympathizing heart attend the bed
Where sickly want reclines its aching head ;

With soothing words, and tenderness, caress
The child of penury and wretchedness ;
For pity's tears, like dewdrops on the rose,
Alleviate the sufferer's greatest woes ;
'Tis pleasing, when bow'd down with pain and care,
To have a friend who in our pain will share,
One who can make our every grief his own,
It is a blessing, and 'tis only known
To those who have experienced its pow'r,
'Tis like the moon-beams on the midnight hour.
Seek out the cot where slighted worth resides,
The wretched hut where misery presides ;
Assist the hapless widow sunk in grief,
And gladly give the fatherless relief ;
The hoary head with reverence attend
To aid its feeble form thy hand extend,
Be to the eyes of age a faithful guide,
Oh shield the tottering form with manly pride,
And let misfortune shelter 'neath thy wing,
Then thy old age shall have the joys of spring.
The justice of these words you'll soon perceive,
" 'Tis better far to give than to receive."

'Twill bring a blessing time can ne'er destroy—
Impart thee pleasures that will never cloy ;
And the great God will amply recompense
Thy love, charity, and benevolence,
You'll find on earth a sweet tranquillity,
For thy reward a blest eternity.
O sweet benevolence—hail, heavenly guest,
For ever blessing, but thyself most blest,
Around thy heart do streams of mercy flow,
And glist'ning rivers, chasing as they go
Envy and hatred, cruelty and wrong :
Love and affection is thy daily song ;
Peace and forgiveness, are thy constant themes,
And on thy bosom mild compassion leans,
While justice doth at thy right hand attend,
Ingenuous truth is thy acknowledged friend,
Wisdom and prudence waiteth at thy side,
Discretion is thy true and faithful guide.
'Thy ears are deaf to slander's odious voice,
When others prosper, then do you rejoice,
And ever faithful to the smallest trust,
Thou art impartial in thy ways, and just,

Pitying faults and failings of mankind,
Teeming with graces is thy noble mind.
Oh ! every virtue is combined in thee,
Kind, ever blessing, loving Charity.
O then take Charity to be thy guest,
Clasp Benevolence to thy youthful breast,
Nor ever let her from thy sight depart,
But take her for an inmate of thy heart.
Nor be thou wav'ring, like the sea or wind,
Let not inconstancy possess thy mind,
Fix thy young heart betimes on wisdom's way,
Nor suffer it from virtue's path to stray.
First know that all thy principles are right,
And then pursue them with thy heart and might,
Be thou inflexible, with firmness stand,
Oh never heed inconstancy's command ;
If thy foundation, child, be firm and good,
You need not fear the raging wind or flood,
For if you rest upon the one firm Rock,
The earth may move, but you'll not feel the shock ;
The stars may fall, the sun and moon may flee,
The heavens vanish, but it can't hurt thee.

When on the Rock of Ages fix'd you stand,
You will be shielded by an heav'nly hand,
The hills may tremble, and the mountains fall,
But you shall rise triumphant over all ;
Immutably then fix thy heart above,
And on the Rock of Ages rest thy love.
Oh serve the Lord with all thy heart and soul,
Let love to God thy every way control—
Keep Heaven's law for ever in thy view,
Nor let thy goodness, as the early dew,
Soon fade, but learn to be sincere,
And serve thy God with reverence and fear ;
For ever praise and venerate his name,
His great omnipotence and love proclaim !
Oh ! let thy tongue his truth and mercy sing,
Praise and adore the universal King ;
Grant it may be my brother's fav'rite theme,
To praise and honour the one God supreme,
The one Omnipotent who reigns on high—
The great Creator of the earth and sky,
And our just God, although he dwells above,
Will not forget thy virtue or thy love ;

For he has said, and he's a God of truth,
He will reward the good and pious youth ;
Those who devote to him their youthful days,
He'll love and keep them, and he will them raise
To worlds of blessedness and true delight—
To live and be for ever in his sight !
Then ne'er allow the world to separate
Thee from thy God, heaven's great potentate ;
And be thou honest, upright, just, and kind,
Candid and generous to all mankind,
Never the abject or forlorn reject,
Treat thy superiors with due respect ;
Be to thy equals loving and sincere,
Treat youth with kindness, and old age revere.
Mark well the man whom you choose for your friend,
And is he worthy, let thy love extend
E'en unto death, nor e'er let falsehood part,
But, with a loving and a faithful heart,
Defend thy friend, when slander's odious tongue,
Would blast his honour, and would do him wrong—
Or when malignant envy would defame,
Stand forth with courage and protect his name ;

Justice will teach thee to shield innocence,
And love bid you to speak in his defence ;
For if you love your friend you never can,
My dear, keep silence when you hear the man
That you love equal to yourself, belied ;
O no, your own sincerity now tried,
You'll speak, and crafty slander you shall see
Like a vile traitor and a coward flee !
Slander cannot the voice of truth withstand ;
Nor scandal speak when charity's at hand.
Friendship, when mutual, is so sweet a tie,
So pure a bond that few can with it vie ;
Like as the ivy shields the aged tower.
Friendship supports us when misfortunes lour ;
Friendship, O friendship never can decay,
'Tis born to live through everlasting day !
Though faith and hope ne'er reach the angels' land,
The highest there will love and friendship stand !
Friendship and love together we shall see,
Them both united in sweet charity.
'Twas this once led a lovely maid to stray,
Far from her native land and home away,

Endow'd with these let us not crave for more,
We shall sleep sweetly, though our bed be straw !
Choose sweet Contentment for thy bosom friend,
Her cheering presence doth a king's transcend :
While this fair virtue doth around you play,
Happy, my dear, will pass your time away ;
Meekly you'll stand whatever ills betide,
From discontent you'll turn yourself aside,
Whate'er's your fate, you'll judge it for the best,
Do all you can, and leave to Heaven the rest ;
You'll bless your lot though it be mean and poor,
And think of what Christ did for you endure,
Looking for happiness in a brighter clime,
Exclaim, " Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine.
You'll find, my child, while you on earth remain,
That you will meet with peril, grief, and pain.
Fortune may aim her arrows at your heart,
And chilling poverty may take her part,
To plunge thee in the vale of sad despair,
And cloud thy days with sorrow, want, and care ;
But to avert their blows take fortitude
For thy defence, nor e'er, my child, exclude

Her from thy breast ; should fortune on thee smile,
Stand as a rock, nor let her thee beguile
From duty's path, or from the narrow way
That leads to light and never-ending day ;
But with becoming fortitude prepare
Thy mind to meet its frowns, as well as share
Its gifts, for fortune fickle as the sea,
To-day may smile, to-morrow frown on thee ;
But arm'd with fortitude, although she frown,
She may oppress, but cannot cast thee down.
Looking, my child, beyond this world of strife,
You'll seek for happiness in a future life.
And let benevolence live within thy heart,
Always be ready kindness to impart,
Be ever willing to afford relief,
To sorrow's child, oppress'd with care and grief,
Though little wealth, my boy, come to thy share,
Yet of that little something you may spare ;
But should affluence ever be thy lot,
With kind compassion seek affliction's cot,
With sympathizing heart attend the bed
Where sickly want reclines its aching head ;

With soothing words, and tenderness, caress
The child of penury and wretchedness ;
For pity's tears, like dewdrops on the rose,
Alleviate the sufferer's greatest woes ;
'Tis pleasing, when bow'd down with pain and care,
To have a friend who in our pain will share,
One who can make our every grief his own,
It is a blessing, and 'tis only known
To those who have experienced its pow'r,
'Tis like the moon-beams on the midnight hour.
Seek out the cot where slighted worth resides,
The wretched hut where misery presides ;
Assist the hapless widow sunk in grief,
And gladly give the fatherless relief ;
The hoary head with reverence attend
To aid its feeble form thy hand extend,
Be to the eyes of age a faithful guide,
Oh shield the tott'ring form with manly pride,
And let misfortune shelter 'neath thy wing,
Then thy old age shall have the joys of spring.
The justice of these words you'll soon perceive,
" 'Tis better far to give than to receive."

'Twill bring a blessing time can ne'er destroy—
Impart thee pleasures that will never cloy ;
And the great God will amply recompense
Thy love, charity, and benevolence,
You'll find on earth a sweet tranquillity,
For thy reward a blest eternity.
O sweet benevolence—hail, heavenly guest,
For ever blessing, but thyself most blest,
Around thy heart do streams of mercy flow,
And glist'ning rivers, chasing as they go
Envy and hatred, cruelty and wrong :
Love and affection is thy daily song ;
Peace and forgiveness, are thy constant themes,
And on thy bosom mild compassion leans,
While justice doth at thy right hand attend,
Ingenuous truth is thy acknowledged friend,
Wisdom and prudence waiteth at thy side,
Discretion is thy true and faithful guide.
'Thy ears are deaf to slander's odious voice,
When others prosper, then do you rejoice,
And ever faithful to the smallest trust,
Thou art impartial in thy ways, and just,

For he has said, and he's a God of truth,
He will reward the good and pious youth ;
Those who devote to him their youthful days,
He'll love and keep them, and he will them raise
To worlds of blessedness and true delight—
To live and be for ever in his sight !
Then ne'er allow the world to separate
Thee from thy God, heaven's great potentate ;
And be thou honest, upright, just, and kind,
Candid and generous to all mankind,
Never the abject or forlorn reject,
Treat thy superiors with due respect ;
Be to thy equals loving and sincere,
Treat youth with kindness, and old age revere.
Mark well the man whom you choose for your friend,
And is he worthy, let thy love extend
E'en unto death, nor e'er let falsehood part,
But, with a loving and a faithful heart,
Defend thy friend, when slander's odious tongue,
Would blast his honour, and would do him wrong—
Or when malignant envy would defame,
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And love bid you to speak in his defence ;
For if you love your friend you never can,
My dear, keep silence when you hear the man
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O no, your own sincerity now tried,
You'll speak, and crafty slander you shall see
Like a vile traitor and a coward flee !
Slander cannot the voice of truth withstand ;
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Friendship, when mutual, is so sweet a tie,
So pure a bond that few can with it vie ;
Like as the ivy shields the aged tower.
Friendship supports us when misfortunes lour ;
Friendship, O friendship never can decay,
'Tis born to live through everlasting day !
Though faith and hope ne'er reach the angels' land,
The highest there will love and friendship stand !
Friendship and love together we shall see,
Them both united in sweet charity.
'Twas this once led a lovely maid to stray,
Far from her native land and home away,

Taught her to leave the land where she was born,
And with an aged woman live forlorn !
Forsake the home where she dwelt free from care,
The grief and trouble of her friend to share ;
Thine was true friendship, dear generous maid,
And Heaven will'd that you should be repaid,
'Tis rarely friendship is so pure as thine,
Through all succeeding ages it shall shine—
The father shall to son relate thy love.
By man applauded, and approv'd above.
O let thy friendship then like hers be true,
Keep her example ever in thy view ;
You are conversant with the word of truth,
Nor need I tell you I advert to Ruth ;
I cannot as I ought her worth commend,
She was indeed a true and faithful friend:
Nor can you read too much that holy book,
From which I have this true example took,
O no, for in that volume you will find
Jehovah's love to you and all mankind—
Amazing love, without a parallel,
Beyond the eloquence of man to tell ;

There you are taught all that is excellent,
Your duty's written to its full extent.
From that blest volume, dearest boy, you can
Well learn your duty both to God and man ;
Read it, my boy, and mark well what you read,
Follow its precepts, and it will you lead
To happiness, to glory, and to light,
Felicity, blessedness, and delight,
Eternal peace, and everlasting joy !
And this shall be thy sister's pray'r, my boy,
That you may reach in triumph heaven's shore,
To dwell with God and Christ for evermore.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE HON. MISS M. INSTRUCTING THE
CHILDREN AT THE CHARITY SCHOOL OF HER MAMMA,
THE HON. LADY J. M.

HEAV'N reward thee, generous lady,
For the blessings you bestow,
And my feeble tongue must praise thee,
When I see thee stoop so low.

England boasts of many daughters,
Many beauteous daughters too,
But I own, most noble Mary,
Few of them can vie with you.

Kindness, mercy, condescension,
Reign triumphant in thy breast,
Meekness, pity, and compassion,
On thy bosom love to rest.

You are truly clad in virtue,
Love is beaming in your face,
Every word confirms your goodness,
Your ev'ry movement's ting'd with grace.

Titles, lady, will forsake you
Earthly grandeur it will fly,
But, dear lady, you've possessions
That both time and life defy.

Earthly pomp, and tinsel'd grandeur,
Faithlessly may flee away,
But your innate and heav'nly graces
Never, never can decay.

ON SEEING AN AFFLICTED CHILD.

I STAND and cast a pitying eye,
I stand and look and heave a sigh.
I look again, then waft a pray'r,
I ask she may be Heaven's care.
Dear harmless child, may God defend
He will, he will, he'll be her friend ;
Such innocence he will protect,
Jehovah never can neglect
A weak and inoffensive child,
So sweet, so good, so truly mild ;
Affection beams from her bright eye,
I mourn her fate, then I ask why ?
Can Heaven err ? O no, O no !
'Tis for some good, though we don't know,

For some wise end, to us unknown,
Then Heaven's justice let us own.
He who afflicts can also cure,
Heaven knows best, we may be sure :
Then with submission let us wait,
Nor murmur at the suff'rer's fate ;
But yet I look again and sigh,
A tear then flushes in my eye,
A mother's feelings cross my mind,
They are not easily defin'd.
Best of mothers, I feel for thee,
Though half thy grief's not known to me,
A mother's hope, I think again !
Sure all thy hopes are turn'd to pain.
" O no, they're not, just turn thine eye,
I still have hope beyond the sky !
Remember all's perfection there,
'Twere very wrong did I despair,
I never will, I know she'll shine
An angel fair in lands divine.
I've hope, I've hope beyond the sky,
Why should I grieve, why should I sigh?

Soon all things here will pass away,
Heaven is an eternal day ;
Although she suffers here below,
Affliction there she'll never know ;
A mother's hope is fix'd above,
In heaven rests a mother's love.
When all things here shall cease to be,
Perfect in beauty I shall see
My Hannah, in her Saviour's arms,
Surpassing then earth's greatest charms,
She then will be her Saviour's care,
Why need a mother then despair ?"
Yet still I cast a pitying eye,
I waft a pray'r and heave a sigh.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

THIS is my birthday, so they say,
I'm twenty-three years old to day.
Some questions now I'm going to ask,
Say, will it prove a pleasing task ?
Say, will it not disturb my rest,
Will it ease or pain my breast ?
Shall I in it pleasure find,
Or will it only rack my mind ?
Shall I find, on close inspection,
Heaven's been my chief attention ?
Or shall I find that from my birth,
My thoughts have all been giv'n to earth ?
This I should like to ascertain,
I'll search to find, though 't give me pain.

The case ambiguous does appear
I wish, indeed, it was more clear,
Wish Heav'n possess'd my ev'ry thought,
If I did right it surely ought ;
I'll now inspect my heart to see,
If 't yields me stores for eternity.
It avails nought faults to disown,
There'll come a day they must be known,
Unless I rout them out while here,
And o'er them shed contrition's tear,
Unless I find in heav'n a friend,
Who to hide them all will condescend :
I have that friend in heav'n I know ;
Then to him I run, my frailties show,
He's said he would, he cannot lie,
Hastily to my friend I fly.

For although on earth I have liv'd some years,
Little good I have done, too truly appears ;
I'll pray to my Friend as he adds to my days,
To give me more grace that I keep in his ways ;

I'll praise this good friend who is great and divine,
For stooping to hear such petitions as mine ;
Like a captain of old I'll keep to my word,
" You can do as you like ; but I'll serve the Lord."
If he'll give me his grace, I'll love him while here,
His love in return I have no cause to fear ;
He is a good father, I doubt not his love,
The extension of which I shall prove above ;
Now I smile on the day this body took birth,
I gaily rejoice o'er this temple of earth ;
But by far greater cause for joy will there be,
When an angel I'm born for èternity,
In the palace of heav'n for ever to dwell,
Where myriads of seraphs its happiness tell ;
Where angels, archangels, saints, martyrs will sing,
The praises for ever of Jesus our king !

MATILDA, THE MOUNTAINEER'S WIFE.

THE sun has long sunk in the west,
The moon it illumines the sky,
The songsters have all found their nest,
Now to meet my Matilda I fly.

Which way for to take I don't know,
Whether over the mountain to steer,
Or keep in the valley below,
To find my Matilda, my dear.

She's gone to the neighb'ring town,
The flow'rs of the valley to sell ;
But why she delays her return,
I am at a loss for to tell.

With the loveliest flow'rs of June
Her neat little basket was fill'd,
But the loveliest flow'r's perfume
My charming Matilda excell'd.

Ere the sun its chamber forsook,
Or the cotter rous'd from his sleep,
I started one way with my crook,
To watch and attend to my sheep,

My Matilda the other way turn'd
And over the valley she flew,
I own I felt somewhat concern'd,
When she lovingly bid me adieu.

An hour's as long as a day,
Silvester, when absent from thee ;
Pray think of me when I'm away,
I soon will return, you shall see.

Silvester, with speed I'll return,
When I my sweet flowers have sold

Before that the clock has struck one,
You'll see me by you at the fold.

Alas ! my Matilda, alas !
The clock it has long since gone eight ;
Some evil's befell the sweet lass,
Or why are you absent so late ?

My sweetest Matilda, my life,
O what is it causes delay ?
Do robbers detain my young wife,
Or have you, my love, lost your way ?

Haste, dearest Matilda, now haste
To unhappy Silvester again,
When you have your eye on him cast,
Joy soon will succeed all his pain.

Matilda is virtuous and good,
Pious, submissive, and kind ;
Silvester, I ask thee what could,
Have caus'd you this trouble of mind ?

O let me a minute reflect

On Matilda's protector and guide,
Alas, my own heart I detect,
In whom do I say I confide ?

On whom do I say I rely,

On whom do I own I depend ?
Is 't not on Jehovah on high ?
Is 't not on Matilda's great friend ?

The God whom Matilda doth serve,
The Saviour she owns as her Lord,
He whom she doth faithfully love,
She calls him the glorious Word.

In the morning she praises his name,
She prays and she sings with delight ;
In the ev'ning she asks him the same,
To watch and protect her the night.

She's taught me to hope in him too,
And never his mercy distrust ;

She oft says, " Silvester, 'tis true,
Our Lord is unerringly just."

O my dearest Matilda how frail,
How faithless, Matilda am I ;
Distrust, how it strives to prevail !
I doubt, yet I cannot tell why.

Forgive me, great King of the sky,
And you, his young handmaiden, too,
How foolish, how sinful am I,
To doubt his protection o'er you !

Matilda would gently rebuke,
Did she know what Silvester had done,
Ah ! soon all his doubts she'd confute,
Then pray Heav'n forgive its weak son.

Then haste, my young wife, now return
To your loving Silvester once more ;
'Tis for you this bosom doth burn,
I do my Matilda adore.

Thy Father hath lighted a lamp,
To guide thy young feet o'er the plain ;
Fair angels around thee encamp,
Haste, haste to thy cottage again.

The moon is the lamp he has giv'n
To light thee again to thy cot,
Thy companions angels of heav'n,
How happy, Matilda's thy lot.

Ev'ry mountain, valley, and tree,
Is gilded all o'er by the moon,
A spirit now whispers to me,
Matilda will come very soon.

I'll now to the top of the mount,
And eye all the valley below ;
O there, for I mistake not,
That is my Matilda, I know.

It is, and she hastens along
Without either fear or alarm,

She's chanting, I hear, a sweet song,
Her basket still hangs on her arm.

O how sweet and touching that voice!
How fair and angelic the form!
And now, poor Silvester, rejoice,
Here's sunshine succeeding the storm.

" Why, dearest Matilda, O why
Have you stay'd thus long from your cot?
Distracted, believe me, was I,
Thought something most dreadful your lot."

" O why, my Silvester, this fear?
Remember, I pray, who's my guide,
How often I've told you, my dear,
We're safe if in God we confide.

" Kind ladies my flowers soon bought,
And I was fast hastening home,
Elated and pleas'd with the thought,
That you would not long be alone.

“ But just as I reach'd the green mount,
Where Leonard watches his flock ;
(O dear, 'tis a painful account,
I think I again feel the shock !)

“ He lay at the foot of the hill,
Quite senseless, Silvester, was he,
I hope if it be Heaven's will,
Such a sight I may never more see

“ His flock in amazement stood round,
As if they knew all was not right,
Poor Growler was licking his wound,
Indeed, 'twas an heart-rending sight

“ But had you have seen Growler look,
When up to his master I ran,
He gently took hold of my cloak,
As if to say, Help, if you can.

“ O faithful old Growler, said I,
'Tis little indeed I can do,

To help your good master I'll try,
I'm taught a good lesson by you.

" How lovingly by him you stand,
How carefully on him attend,
You for him assistance demand,
You are a trustworthy old friend

" Not a shepherd or maid could be found
To come and help Leonard home,
O'er and o'er I his bugle did sound,
But there was no answer, not one.

" I gently unloosen'd his band,
With water I sprinkled his face,
While Growler would over him stand,
And insects from off him he'd chase.

" Thus for a long time we remain'd,
I really began to despair,
My bosom indeed it was pain'd
To find there was no one came near.

“ The ev’ning began to advance,
I with fright was beginning to cry,
But turning on Leonard a glance,
I saw him once more ope his eye.

“ Not a pris’ner releas’d from his chain,
Not a child from a lion set free,
Not a sufferer eased from his pain,
Could feel more delighted than me.

“ I gave him some water to drink,
I carefully bound up his head,
Then said, ‘ Dear old man, don’t you think
You’d better go home to your bed ?’

“ He thank’d me ten thousand times o’er,
He bless’d me for all I had done,
And we gain’d the old cottage door,
Just by the last rays of the sun.

“ Poor Peggy, how anxious she’d been,
She stood at the neat cottage gate,

Had many times pac'd o'er the green,
Wondering he tarried so late.

" Astonish'd indeed did she look,
Her face well display'd her alarm,
To see Growler carrying the crook
And Leonard holding my arm.

" ' Don't fear, my dear Peggy,' said he,
' I assure you all is now well,
Come haste in the cottage with me,
My trifling misfortune I'll tell.

" ' You know, Peg, I'm old and infirm,
I'd been seeking one of my flock,
And, just where we call Robin's turn,
I slipp'd, and I fell down the rock.

" ' But God ne'er afflicts us, you know,
Unless for a merciful end,
In this he compassion did show,
He sent me, you see, a kind friend.

“ ‘ Nothing more of the fall can I say,
Quite senseless was I by the blow ;
How long, dearest girl, did I lay ?
I'm sure I myself do not know.

“ ‘ Matilda she sat by my side,
Like an angel of heav'n is she ;
No wonder at Silvester's pride
In gaining a damsel like thee.

“ ‘ Thy father reward thee, dear child,
For the kindness you have display'd,
The angels must on thee have smil'd,
When they saw the attention you paid.'

“ Now Peggy more tranquil became,
And plac'd the old man in his bed,
And then, O how tender the dame !
Bound up poor old Leonard's head.

“ Old Leonard wishing for rest,
There being nothing more I could do,

The worthy old couple me blest,
And then from the cottage I flew.

“ I fear’d I should cause you some pain,
By staying so long from my home,
But should you not have done the same,
Had my place, my dear, been your own ?

“ How oft while by Leonard’s side,
I thought, my Silvester, of you.
But had I but to-day been your bride,
I could not have left him, you know.

“ Old age our attention demands,
And misfortune requires it too,
The wretched our pity commands,
To affliction sympathy’s due.

“ Nor can you, Silvester, suppose
I could have pass’d Leonard by,
O no ! no more than this rose,
Will rise, like a star, to the sky.

“ Let us to our cottage repair,
Pray God to protect us from harm,
For those who rely on his care,
Silvester need not feel alarm.

“ In th’ morn I’ll arise with the lark,
I’ll over the rocks with you stray,
Or sit on the mountains and work,
While you a sweet note to me play.

“ And this will Silvester requite
For all the distress of to-day,
For ’tis with the greatest delight
That I your affection repay.

“ And when the bright sun sinks to rest,
And retir’d to the hive is the bee,
And the little bird gone to its nest,
Then, Leonard, we’ll go and see.

“ I love in the ev’ning to rove,
When nature is hush’d and serene,

Beneath the dark shade of yon grove,
That leads to the neighbouring green.

“ And you, my Silvester, must try
More calm and submissive to be,
For very few graces can vie
With sweet resignation, you'll see.

“ We should assiduously try
Our impetuous tempers to quell,
And on that great power rely,
Who ordereth ev'ry thing well.”

AN ELEGY WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF GRAY,

AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

A DEATHLIKE, awful silence reigns around,
All nature now is sinking to repose,
The little choristers their nests have found,
And wearied to his cot the lab'rer goes.

But I will not forsake this hallow'd spot,
I'll here remain and chaunt a simple lay ;
Thy worth by me shall not be quite forgot,
But o'er thy tomb a tribute I will pay.

You lie neglected in your earthy bed,
All pass regardless of your sacred tomb,
Save one lone bird, who is by pity led,
And that is only in the midnight gloom.

Here let me join my intellectual pow'rs,
From earthly trammels may my soul be free,
Releas'd from tumult may I pass an hour,
And wholly give my ev'ry thought to thee.

You who admir'd the hamlet's simple tribe,
And kindly sang the merits of their dead,
Behold, I now am standing at your side,
And musing o'er your cold and turfted bed.

Your words have often thrill'd and fir'd my breast,
I've oft felt rapture o'er your gen'rous lay,
And now, as you are summon'd to your rest,
Gratitude shall strive this kindness to repay.

Riches or grandeur, these were not your themes,
Nor to chivalry did you give your song.

Your worthy tongue with rustic's merits teems,
To humble cotters did your lays belong.

This, gen'rous bard, is why I sing your praise,
To think you courted not the world's applause,
But lov'd the slighted rustic's name to raise,
You fairly pleaded the poor cotter's cause.

Beneath the yew which you first gave to fame,
Behold ! I stand recalling o'er thy worth ;
And grieve that one who gave this spot a name,
Should now be mingled with the silent earth.

I mourn to think that one so good as you
Should have been taken from our world away,
To think that flourishing remains the yew,
While all your beauties in the tomb decay !

While thus I stand, behold, the rising moon,
Directs my thoughts to worlds beyond the skies,
And something whispers, Grieve not o'er that tomb,
For nought but dust and ashes in it lies

Yon elms aspiring to the lofty skies,
Conduct my mind to brighter worlds than this,
They seem to say, O mourner, lift thine eyes,
Behold him shining in a land of bliss !

Think not such genuine worth could ever rest
In the confin'd limits of that narrow cell ;
O no ! thy grief give o'er, he's with the blest,
With angels now the happy soul does dwell.

And know, that when this yew shall be no more,
When nature's beauties shall to nought be hurl'd,
That he will flourish on a brighter shore,
A fair inhabitant of an endless world !

No longer, then, I'll stand and mourn your fate,
Since to a happier land, sweet bard, thou'rt gone,
Yea, rather let me haste to heaven's gate,
And pray that I may enter ere it be long !

And there together we'll unite our song,
Then to our Maker we will cheerful sing,

This feeble voice will then be loud and strong,
For all's perfection around heaven's king.

And when this frame shall mingle with the dead,
May the night minstrel sit upon the rail
That marks the spot where rests my humble head,
And to the night relate my simple tale.

Should she not deign to mark the lowly spot,
Should the fair songtress of the night refuse,
Dear little robin, it shall be thy lot,
You are the chorister I then will choose.

Say, little bird, will you not grant me this ?
For this, sweet bird, is all that I shall crave,
A simple note of yours is all I wish,
And that will gladden e'en my darksome grave !

MY OWN THOUGHTS.

1 COR. ix. 27.

WHILE I dictate, let me take care
That I my heart and soul prepare ;
Lest at the last, the judgment day,
I should myself be cast away.

With watchfulness my soul attend,
Lest my own acts should God offend,
Lest I should steer the broadest way,
And at the last be cast away.

What I advise mankind to do,
Let me with carefulness pursue,
Lest when I've taught them to obey,
I should myself be cast away.

While I'm admonishing my friend
On his Creator to attend,
May I myself attention pay,
Lest I should be a cast-away.

While I admonish hoary age,
To read and mark the sacred page,
Let me its ev'ry word obey,
Or I shall be a cast-away.

When I direct the mind of youth
Towards the holy book of truth,
Let my own heart upon it stay,
Lest I should be a cast-away.

When I the fainting soul have led
Unto the well, the fountain head,

But let me, Lord, be true to thee,
And with mankind in charity,
Then at the last, the judgment-day,
I shall not be a cast-away.

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Let me that fountain seek each day,
That I may not be cast away.

When I direct the pilgrim right
Towards the distant lands of light,
May I myself keep in that way,
That I may not be cast away.

So when the child of suffering cries,
And I direct him to the skies,
May I there flee in adverse day,
And I shall not be cast away.

When I inform the infant mind,
Where they will a protector find,
May I to my Redeemer pray,
That I be not a cast-away.

While I'm exhorting them to trust
On thee the only true and just,
Let my own faith, Lord, ne'er decay,
Or I shall be a cast-away.

But let me, Lord, be true to thee,
And with mankind in charity,
Then at the last, the judgment-day,
I shall not be a cast-away.

